CARMINA LATINA.

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PARTIM NOVA, PARTIM E LINGUA BRITANNICA EXPRESSA.

AUCTORE

HENRICO THOMA, BARONE DE RAVENSWORTH.

LONDINI:

T. ET W. BOONE, 29, NEW BOND STREET.

1865.

EDOARDO · GALFRIDO ·

COMITI · DE · DERBY ·

ORATORI · POETÆ ·

LITERARUM · TUM · VETERUM ·

TUM · RECENTIORUM ·

CULTORI · FELICI ·

IUDICI · ACERRIMO ·

HOC · OPUSCULUM ·

AMICITIÆ · TESTIMONIUM ·

DEDICAT · AUCTOR ·

PRAEFATIO.

LECTORI BENEVOLO.

HABES, mî Lector, otii fructus quoſdam, neſcio an immaturos, ſed rerum graviorum vitæ tum publicæ tum privatæ delinimenta. Juvat enim in annis jam provectum, juvenilibus ſtudiis interdum immorari, et ad juga Parnaſſi redeuntem notos haurire fontes, et Pieridum flores manu ſi non doctâ, gratâ ſaltem et piâ decerpere. Ut verum fatear, egregia* duorum virorum exempla me ad hoc opus non mediocriter impulerunt, quorum ſcripta tum Græca tum Latina e linguis diverſis expreſſa magnas et meritas laudes ſibi conciliaverunt. Quod ſi, Lector, in faſciculo hoc carminum maculas ullas deprehendas, his oro pro humanitate tuâ ignoſcas, et opus ſtylo Ovidiano conſcriptum benigne ac patienter accipias.

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* Lord Lyttelton; Rt. Hon. Wm. E. Gladſtone.

TABULA POEMATUM.

Heroides.

TABULA POEMATUM.

ERRATA.

" Achilles Deidamiæ," line 107, *for* Shercheos *read* Spercheos.

" Eloiſa to Abelard," line 304, *for* prompt *read* propt.

" Vatis Querela," line 29, after ſpiritus *dele* comma.

" In Statuam Amazonis," line 1 of the Greek, 2nd word, *read ἴτ'* ;
line 10 of the Latin, *for* ſæva *read* ſævo.

TABULA POEMATUM.

DEIDAMIA ACHILLI.

ARGUMENTUM.

Juvenis Achilles dum muliebri veſtitu diſſimulatus apud Lycomedem regem Scyrium latet, Deidamiam filiam ejus per vim ſtupravit, quam tamen poſt Pyrrhum infantem editum connubio ſibi conjunxit. Ipſe mox ad bellum Trojanum proficiſcitur. Illa vero domi relicta infelicem ſortem amaris verbis queritur. Dolet quod tot inſidiis decepta periit. Amiſſam virginitatem plorat, et Thetidos fraudes vehementiſſime incuſat. Ulyſſis adventum ad Scyron narrat et qua arte ille perſonam Achilli detraxerit. Iram genitoris propter vim filiæ illatam depingit, quæ tamen ad conſpectum recens nati infantis placata deferbuit. Hæc dum ſcribit, rumor ad aures venit Achillem, cum omnibus Myrmidonum copiis, ſe bello ſubduxiſſe—quo audito ardor priſtini amoris renovatur, et multis precibus conjugem orat ut quam maturrime redeat.

DEIDAMIA ACHILLI.

PERLEGIS ! an noſtras pellex jubet urere chartas ?
Digna comes tali quælibet iſta viro !
Sed forſan ploranda magis quam jure probroſa,
Altera Achillea rapta puella manu.
Perlege—ni lacrymis vetet oblita littera fuſis,
Nam cadit in ſcriptis lacryma multa meis :
Te Stygia genitrix infantem merſit in unda
Sed non Lethæo flumine tinctus eras.
Hæc tibi deſertæ ſaltem ſit cura maritæ,
Aures ut feriat noſtra querela tuas. 10
Me miſeram ! quid enim virgo crudelius unquam
Paſſa eſt, infidum flere coacta virum !
Illa ego, quæ nuper patriam ſpecioſa per aulam
Duxi femineos Deidamia choros ;
Exſuperans omnes formaque habituque puellas
Inceſſi multis virgo adamata procis.

Donec Agenorii nocturna ſub orgia Bacchi
  Inſidiis cecidi, robore victa tuo.
At Te, caſta Diana, at Vos, o Sidera, teſtor,
  Teque favens tacito Nox tenebroſa dolo, 20
Per cineres matris juro, proavoſque ſepultos,
  Per Styga, cujus aquas Jupiter ipſe timet—
Vincere me fruſtra cupidus tentaſſet Achilles
  Ni mens ad vetitum cæca fuiſſet opus.
Nam ſub femineo cultu formaque puellæ
  Quis putet indecorem poſſe latere marem?
Non ſecus ac ſi quis, mutata pelle ferina,
  Improbus in placidum ſcandat ovile lupus.
Triſte lupus ſtabulis, armento triſte leæna,
  Triſtius at nobis ardor Achillis erat. 30
Credibile eſt tantas Divam Nereida fraudes
  Hei mihi! tam tenero compoſuiſſe ſinu?
Nequidquam implevi querulis ululatibus ædes,
  Et gemui paſſas dilaniata comas;
At te, dure, preces nullæ flexere, nec iræ,
  Non lex hoſpitii, non Lycomedis honos!
Illa nocte ſuis rubuerunt orbibus aſtra,
  Condidit et Lunæ conſcius ora pudor;

Sola Venus pravo radiis affulſit alumno,
  Annuit et propriis inſidioſa dolis. 40
Inſanæ comites inter Trieterica Bacchi
  Concuſſere gravi tympana pulſa manu ;
Inque vicem clamore nemus, ſanumque replerunt
  Ignaræ tanti criminis, unde foret.
Oh ! niger ille dies, quum te, Chirone relicto,
  Suſtulit æquoreis cærula mater equis !
Amiſſum quoties flebat Centaurus alumnum !
  Planctibus ut crebris antra nemuſque ſonant !
Nomen Achilleum ſomno experrectus ab alto
  Voce vocat demens ! Ecce Patroclus adeſt— 50
Attoniti ſtupuere ambo, quæruntque viciſſim
  Quo—quare—vel qua fugeris ipſe via !
At Thetis interea Scyron petit, æquora verrens,
  Maternam puero te comitante ducem.
Quid juvat ambiguæ ſpeciem memoraſſe figuræ,
  Femineos cultus, compoſitaſque comas !
Pluraque quæ, nondum gnaræ mihi, mira fuerunt,
  Quorum me gnaram nunc meminiſſe pudet.
Fronti nulla fides poſthac, nec danda colori,
  Non Divum aut hominum eſt ullus habendus honor. 60

Talia non unquam genuit miracula Colchis,
  Nota nec Hæmoniæ vox ſcelerata magæ.
Sic ovis in tigrem, turtur mutetur in anguem;
  Flos ubicunque viret, mors ibi certa latet.
Poſt ea, quum ſubiere rates ſapientis Ulyxei, et
  Anchora littoream jacta momordit humum,
Inſidiis decepta novis, male ficta Puella
  Conſtitit ante omnes ore animoque Puer.
Protinus ut clypei galeæque comantis imago
  Et viſa eſt valida militis haſta manu; 70
Clangor ut armorum tonuit, nudatus et enſis
  Virgineum rapido terruit igne chorum;
Non ſecus ac ſonipes micat auribus, et tremit artus
  Cum ſtrepit argutæ vox iterata tubæ,
Confeſtim novus exarſit tibi pectore fervor,
  Et ſimul inſolitis ignibus ora micant.
Sic nova manſuetum ſtimulant alimenta leonem
  Quæ cuſtos vetuit providus ante dari:
Si quando ad latebras erraverit agnus, ut illuc
  Lanigeras paſtor veſpere cogit oves; 80
Protinus ardeſcunt oculi fulgore coruſco,
  Unguibus et curvis diſſiluere pedes;

Horrueruntque jubæ cervicis, et omnia vibrat
  Membra illibati ſanguinis alta ſitis.
Tunc Thetidos patuere doli—mihi ſæviit ingens
  Corde, ſed ingenuo mixtus amore, dolor.
Delitui lacrymans intra penetralia tecti,
  Turbato recubans ſemiſupina toro.
Culpam queſta meam, quamvis innoxia culpæ,
  Perdita quid dubitem Deidamia mori? 90
Quid loquar ærumnas læſi genitoris, et iram,
  Nominis opprobrium, ſuppliciique minas!
Cogitat ille modo exſilium, modo carceris antrum,
  Sive foret merita pœna luenda nece!
Sed Regem tetigere preces—ſubriſit et infans
  Pyrrhulus, in vetulum brachia verſus avum:
Pignus amoris erat—quis talia pignora cernens
  Quis potuit matri nuntius eſſe mali!
Flebant et comites, et flebat Scyria nutrix,
  Hæc fuerat culpæ conſcia ſola meæ; 100
Te quoque, Pelide, tua ferrea corda viciſſim
  Aſpectus pueri movit, amorque mei.
Necnon et Laertiades, et Graia juventus
  Addiderat noſtris vocibus ipſa ſuas.

Denique pacta fides thalami—et quanto mihi damnum
  Majus erat, tanto gratior ibat Hymen.
O brevis hora voluptatis! quia craftina debet
  Mane novo miferam me fpoliare viro!
Hiccine liber Hymen! Cum te nox una deditque
  Inviditque mihi! cara nimifque brevis! 110
Cur mihi non licuit fumpta fugiffe pharetra,
  Teque profecturum Troica caftra fequi!
Colla fagittiferæ decorant fua tela Dianæ,
  Ægidaque et galeam cafta Minerva gerit:
Fertur Amazonias fecum duxiffe catervas
  Nil metuens pugnæ Penthefilea vices:
Te quoque non puduit cultum morefque puellæ,
  Cur mihi non liceat fumere tela viri?
Oh utinam Graiis patuiffent caftra puellis!
  Effem militiæ ferva comefque tuæ. 120
Et forfan gravis hora venit—viduataque lecto
  Conjux, quo velles illa federet, abeft.
Confcendam naves, et quo juvet ire, protervis
  Tecum nauta darem vela ferenda Notis.
Me nefcit terrere fretis fpumantibus æquor,
  Nil mihi quo fremitu turbinis ira tonet!

Sed cur non redeas! ſcribenti nuncia venit
  Fama, quòd in caſtris ſegnior ipſe vacas,
Turbaque Myrmidonum non amplius utilis armis
  Otia magnanimo cum duce tuta terit. 130
Quæ tibi cauſa moræ? fama eſt Briſeida raptam
  Imperio Argolici ſuccubuiſſe ducis,
Hectoreaſque acies, altæ ſub mœnia Trojæ,
  Prælia victrici multa tuliſſe manu.
Hinc odium, rixæque, furorque dolentis Achillei,
  Litibus et languet Græcia fracta ſuis.
Quid tibi Tyndaridis fraudes? quid conjugis iræ?
  Cur ipſe illæſus bella aliena moves?
Navibus Idæis non me raptavit adulter—
  Sparta ſuum ſinito vindicet ipſa malum. 140
Phthia domus reſtat—tibi reſtat amabilis uxor,
  Et Peleus genitor, primiparæque puer.
Quis ſcit an Hectoreo pereas jugulatus ab enſe?
  Invida ſors homines fallere ſemper amat—
Non tenet uſque ſuum mendax Victoria curſum,
  Sed juxta metam Parca noverca ſedet—
Quos tulit ad cœlum ventoſo Gloria curru
  Sæpe minax Nemeſis ſternere gaudet humi!

Solis equos proles Clymeneïa rexit habenis,
  Audax Phœbeis ire per aſtra rotis; 150
Mox Phaëtontiades fratrem flevere puellæ,
  Merſum electriferi ſtagna ſub ima Padi.
At tibi ſi qua meæ reſtant veſtigia flammæ,
  Nec pactæ fidei tu meminiſſe negas;
Eia age ſolve rates! tumidiſque revertere velis!
  Carior huic animæ, quam tibi vita tua eſt.

ACHILLES DEIDAMIÆ.

Vipereosque agitans crines soror adstet Erinnys,
Poculaque inferni misceat atra meri!
Ira dolorque meo certatim in pectore fervent,
Sanguinat et laceræ vulnus amicitiæ! 20
In me Cœlicolæ totos vertere furores,
Cœlicolis major nec mea mater erit!
(Illa quidem misero meditans solatia nato
Mitia ab æquoreis extulit ora vadis).
Strata jacet gelido Patrocli forma feretro,
Hei mihi! pars animæ major adempta meæ.
Vidissem potius vastatas igne carinas,
Et castra hostili despoliata manu;
Vel Danaum proceres, Agamemnoniasque Mycenas
Communi potius clade perire velim. 30
O dilecte nimis comes a puerilibus annis!
Clauditur æterna jam tua nocte dies.
Quo dulces olim quærebant fessa sopores
Membra premunt ipsum sanguinolenta torum;
Quaque immisisti pavefactos fulmen in hostes
Frigidior glacie bellica dextra riget!
Ergo supremas potuisti spernere leges
Quas discessuro, providus ipse, dedi!

"*Parce ſequi, Patrocle, virum! ſat erit tibi, ſalvis*
Navibus, Hectoreas poſſe fugare faces— 40
Nondum ſumma dies venit—nec Apollinis arces
Præſidio, Priami nec caret aula, ſuo."
Auſus es—at taceo—fauſto nam Marte furentem
Indomitum valeat quid cohibere ducem?
Auſus es—Hectoreaque cruor tuus hæret in haſta—
Nec tamen Hectoreo robore victus eras!
Victus eras, Patrocle, Deo! ſed Apollinis iram
Tentares fruſtra vi domuiſſe pari,
Si non parte tua ſtaret cuſtodia major,
Luciferum contra Diva Minerva Deum. 50
Alma Venus ſævo fugiens Diomedis ab ictu
Saucia fumantes cæde reliquit agros;
Mars quoque bellipotens certamine ceſſit iniquo,
Pallade mortali vim tribuente ſuam.
Adfuit at nullum ſumma tibi Numen in hora,
Nec Fortuna brevem ſuppeditavit opem.
Arma Patrocleo direpta cadavere nuper,
(Mox iterum noſtra diripienda manu,)
Arma gerat Victor—caveatque—ferocior illo
Ultor adeſt—trepidans audiat—ultor adeſt. 60

Auferor Æacides medios ruiturus in hoſtes
  Qualis ab ætherio fulminis ira polo;
Nec mora—fervet opus belli—furor arma miniſtrat,
  Et Thetis, artifici tela parata Deo.
Corda tument—calido rumpuntur ſanguine venæ—
  Et bellum et ſtragem mens ſine lege ſitit.
Millia Trojugenûm ſacro cumulata ſepulcro
  Patrocli cineres cæſa cruore luent:
Hector et ipſe cadet, patriæ tutamen et urbis,
  Maxima funereo victima jacta rogo; 70
Non tamen ante mei quam currûs impete raptum
  Fleverit exanimum Troja ſuperba ducem.
At, ſcio, feſtinat decreti funeris hora, et
  Pauca meæ reſtant fila trahenda colûs:
Nec Phthiam, patriamve domum, patremve reviſam,
  Nec puerum, nec te, Deidamia, meam!
Qualis Atlantea condit ſe Phœbus in unda
  Currus ubi tropicum fervidus urget iter;
Pallida non ullæ pandunt velamina nubes,
  Nec rigat ardentes roſcidus imber equos; 80
Fulgens ut clypeus, lævæ geſtamina noſtræ,
  Occidit Heſperia flammiger orbis aqua;

Lumine ſanguineo Neptunia regna coruſcant;
Nox ruit, et vaſto jam ſedet atra mari.
Cras iterum ſolitos renovabit Lucifer ortus
Et nitido referet gentibus axe diem.
Talis et ipſe obeam—deſcendentique ſub umbras
Tempus in æternum fulgeat auctus honos!
Noſtra coronati recitabunt geſta Poetæ
Sol ubicunque ignes fundit in orbe ſuos; 90
Audiat, et ſi quis ſupra Garamantas et Indos
Victor anhelantes egerit altus equos;
Gentibus et domitis mores et mœnia ponens,
Extrema Eoi Memnonis arva reget.
Vel ſi quis regnum linquens Graioſque Penates
Miſerit Auſoniis velaque et arma fretis;
Seu quis Hyperboreas glacies Tanaimque ſecutus
Auſus erit Scythicas exſuperare nives.
Nomine Achilleo præſtans quicunque per hoſtes
Noverit adverſos explicuiſſe viam, 100
(Qualia Patrocli tribuo pia dona ſepulcro)
Hic dabit in cineres talia thura meos.
Nec citharæ laudes deerunt—at cura Camenis
Suavis erit fronti nectere ſerta meæ.

Jamque valete mei ſaltus, et Theſſala tellus,
   Quique ſuas tollunt Pindus et Oſſa nives;
Shercheoſque, et opaca nigræ caligine frondis
   Pineta, et fulvis antra habitata feris;
Et pedibus luſtrata meis Peneïa Tempe,
   Fluminaque et gelida roſcida vallis aqua; 110
Et querulæ vox grata Lyræ—jam munere functum
   Barbiton hic paries ultima dona gerat.
Tu quoque, primitiis et flore adamata juventæ
   Non illæſa tamen, Deidamia, vale!
Uxor amatori diſcas ignoſcere fraudem,
   Nec pigeat pueri te meminiſſe proci!
Peleos alma nurus condas morientis ocellos,
   Si quando ad Phthios veneris uſque focos—
Cinge Neoptolemum gladio galeaque paterna,
   Sit mea progenies ſanguine digna ſuo. 120

ALFREDUS REX CONJUGI.

ARGUMENTUM.

Alfredo regnante Cimbrorum copiæ prope innumerabiles Britanniam advectæ, ferro, rapina, igne omnia miserrime vastaverunt. Rex ipse victus prælio, in fugam pulsus, pannis indutus, regia persona dissimulata, opere servili victum quærere coactus est. Sed bello victus animum invictum servat. In tugurio quodam latitans conjugi scribit. Præsentem suam sortem narrat: ut cives hostium violentia oppressi gemant; ut ipse Cimbrorum castra clam noctu penetraverit. Ultionem minatur. Deinde furore quodam divino abreptus futuram Britanniæ gloriam prædicit.

ALFREDUS REX CONJUGI.

CONVENIUNT riſuſque tuo lacrymæque marito;
Miſcentur ſummis ludicra ſæpe malis—
Nempe hic ignotus, poſitis inſignibus, exſul
Paſtoris ſedeo pauperis ante focum;
Et me, dum verſo male toſtas igne placentas,
Increpat horrendis dura colona minis.
Multa quidem laſſum vexant incommoda corpus;
Sæpe cibo vacuum torquet acerba fames;
Horrida dum vigiles agitant inſomnia noctes,
Et redeunt reduci vera pericla die; 10
Mens tamen intrepido conſtat ſub pectore, ridens
Aſpera Fortunæ tela, potenſque ſui.
At te ſanguineo laceram, mea Patria, bello,
Quam variis onerant triſtia Fata malis!
Impius heu noſtris victor dominatur in arvis,
Occupat Angliacos Rex peregrinus agros;

Fana Dei proſtrata jacent, ſternuntur et aræ,
   Hoſtilique gemunt oppida preſſa jugo;
Oſſa inhonoratis proavorum avulſa ſepulcris
   Albent in mediis, omina dira, viis; 20
Fœda Superſtitio fractas bacchatur ad aras,
   Et nova fert magni monſtra ſub æde Dei.
Conſecrat immundæ cornicis ſigna ſacerdos,
   Ducitur ante focos compede vincta cohors;
Poſtulat infandos ritus ſibi Numen Odini,
   Et loca captivo ſparſa cruore rubent.
Carbaſa barbaricæ pandunt ſuper æquora claſſes,
   Littoraque effrænis ſunt populata viris;
Mittit Hyperboreo tot portu Cimbrica tellus
   Venti victrices Oceanique manus, 30
Millia quot domitæ meditans incendia Romæ
   Duxit in Italicos Attila victor agros.
Rex ego ſolus, inops, contra tot millia quantis
   Obſitus inſidiis, quot nova bella geram?
Solus, inops—at non taciti ſolaminis expers;
   Nempe mihi ſpes eſt, præſidiumque Deus.
Panditur ante oculos Divini pagina Libri
   Una ſalus miſeris, una medela mali.

Eſſe Deum credam, licet inter crimina belli
  Suſpenſa ultricis dormiat ira manus. 40
Omnia barbaricæ deſolavere rapinæ,
  Mœſta Ceres ſterilem pulſa reliquit agrum ;
Nudarum ſordent fumantia tecta domorum,
  Morborumque furit vis, graviorque fames.
Muta jacent paſſim ſtupefactis agmina ocellis
  Et tacito ſperant pectore poſſe mori.
At ſupereſt, noſco, virtus mihi conſcia, neſcit
  Regia mens ulli ſuccubuiſſe malo.
Auſus eram nuper, citharœdi tegmine ſumpto,
  Cimbrica nocturno quærere caſtra dolo. 50
Orgia nubigenæ miles celebrabat Odini,
  Inter ſacra Deûm vulgus ubique vacat.
Sternuntur vigiles—alii ſpumantia melle
  Aut avidi miſcent pocula rubra mero ;
Pars alia, extracto nota de ſede cerebro,
  In capite humano vina nefanda parant ;
Impius his mos eſt—ita rite bibentibus ipſis
  Gens fera virtutem et robur ineſſe putant.
Barbaricas acies ſomno vinoque ſepultas
  Et laxa vidi clauſtra patere fera ; 60

Ebrietas ſua quemque domat—delapſa pharetra
  Spicula per terram, ſcutaque et arma jacent.
Oh! ſi dextra ſuas non perdidit hæc mea vires,
  Nec ſolita pectus calliditate caret;
Ut Lacedæmoniis Victoria fulſit in armis
  Quum periit Graii Perſa ſub enſe ducis;
Qualis et Iliacas turres penetravit Ulyſſes
  Cuſtodis raptor callidus ille Deæ;
Sic alienigenam detur mihi vincere turbam,
  Et caſtra intrepida ſic ſpoliare manu; 70
Palladiumque feri fulgentia ſigna tyranni
  Gloriar audaci corripuiſſe dolo.
Aut faciam aut moriar—nimis heu dolet Anglia cives
  Hoſtibus inviſis ſuccubuiſſe ſuos;
Illa diu deſerta dolet—regemque ſub antris
  Et nemorum cæca fronde latere pudet.
Mox inde egreſſus, rapida cum ſtrage ruinam
  Agmen in adverſum Dux ego victor agam.
Tu quoque fida meo conjux lætata triumpho
  Imperii gratum participabis onus; 80
Te nitidam cingent pueri caſtæque puellæ,
  Inque vicem manibus florea ſerta gerent;

Inter et Angliacas urbes diademate vinctum
  Conſpicuum tolles regia nupta caput.
At mihi dum cura variiſque doloribus angor
  Numine divino mens agitata calet!
Ante oculos ſurgit rerum mirabilis ordo
  Quæque manet populum gloria ſera meum.
Nunc licet horrendos moveat Fortuna tumultus,
  Ridebit vultu candidiore dies. 90
Hic ſtabilem condet Libertas aurea ſedem
  Servatrix legum Juſtitiæque ſoror—
Regia florebit populari juncta poteſtas
  Puraque cum ſancta Religione fides;
Frænabit canum Sapientia dia Senatum
  Nec feret hoſtilem terra Britanna pedem.
Omnia tranſilient audaces æquora claſſes;
  Claſſe domum Tyrias nauta remittet opes;
Nec regio in terris exſtat, quæ victa Britanno
  Milite, vel noſtra non erit arte potens; 100
Seu tenebris lateat ſeptem ſubjecta Trioni
  Æterno rupes candida facta gelu,
Seu nimio flagrans ardore et ſole propinquo
  Pandat arenoſas arida terra plagas.

Quid video ulterius? miracula quanta patefcunt!
Parce Deus nimia fundere luce jubar!
Nofter erit, qui potat aquas et Gangis et Indi,
Et qui Caucafias accola fervat oves;
Alteraque Hefperiis e fluctibus India furget,
Sentiet et noftras orbis uterque manus. 110
Non fecus ac lato crefcunt apiaria faltu,
Bis terque ex uno multiplicata favo,
Sic et ab Angliacis emiffa examina campis
Læta novas urbes et nova regna petent.
Dumque dies longo fugiet mutabilis ævo
Nominis Alfredi fama fuperftes erit.

RUFI MORS.

ARGUMENTUM.

Satis notum eſt ut Valterus Tyrrell Regem Rufum ſagitta occiderit. Utrum caſu an conſulto hoc fecerit, incertum. Homicidæ fuga per ſe nihil probat: timor enim æque ac ſceleris conſcientia fugam ſuadere potuit. Ut corpus regale a ruſtico quodam caſu inventum et nullo honore ſepultum ſit, ab hiſtoricis æqualibus traditum eſt.

RUFI MORS.

REX abit antiqua venatum egreſſus ab urbe
Ut matutino rore rigantur agri.
Parva cohors jaculis armata ſequuntur euntem,
Delicias nemorum Rex ſibi ſolus amat.
Hic laqueos catulis, alius fert retia damis,
Alter in hirſutos ſtare paratus apros.
Plurima turba canum—comes unicus—hic prope Rufum
Valterus ardentem vix retinebat equum.
Æquales inter quo non præſtantior ullus
Letifera in pavidas mittere tela feras. 10
Non Paris aut curvo Teucer Salaminius arcu,
Non Dea Venatrix doctior arte ſua.
Aerias medio volucres ſtraviſſe volatu
Et piſces tremulis cuſpide fertur aquis.
Ah miſer—hora venit qua tu male callidus arcus
Optabis fractos, et ſine laude manum!

Jamque pererrabant ſaltus et luſtra ferarum
  Quæ loca præcipiti mordet Avonus aqua.
Has quondam indigenæ ſedes tenuere coloni
  Reddidit et Cereri munera dives ager. 20
Venit et invidit fortunam Raptor habenti—
  Mox Dea compoſitas territa liquit opes.
Vanum opus agricolæ flentes fugere, tyranno
  Libertas avido ruſtica, præda perit.
Aufert templa Deo, fora civibus, arva colonis,
  Et ſævo terras opprimit ille jugo.
Una lance hominis penſatur vita feræque,
  Et pretium ſervi par ſibi cervus habet.
Imber edax templi proſtratas diruit aras,
  Fœda ruinoſas occulit herba domos. 30
Urbs nuper fecunda virûm nunc ſentibus horret,
  Inter quos prolem depoſuere feræ.
Cervus in everſos acuit nova cornua poſtes
  Eruit et muros dente protervus aper.
Ultrix hora venit—ſoboles genitoris iniqui
  Juſta morte luet facta nocentis avi.
Intonuit lævum—fulgoribus emicat æther—
  Decutit arboreas acrior aura comas—

Sæpe minas veteri cornix iteravit ab ulmo,
  Et matutina noctua luce gemit. 40
Audin, Rufe, tui loquitur vox præscia fati—
  Siste nimis properum, dum sinit hora, pedem.
Te monet aura, nemus, tellus rogat ipsa cruorem,
  Inque tuum cœli fulminat ira caput.
Mortali non scire datur quid vitet in horas;
  Sors arcana parat spicula, siste pedem.
Ingens forte fuit cervus notissimus annis
  Cornua ramosa fronte superba gerens;
Præpete qui cursu sectantes sæpe fefellit
  Non minus ac nota calliditate feræ. 50
Hunc jaculo insequitur Rufus, cursuque fatigat
  Urgens intrepidos per juga longa canes;
Per loca senta rubis, scopuloque horrentia acuto,
  Per nemoris latebras, flumineosque sinus;
Quoque magis rapit ille fugam magis imminet alter,
  Prosequiturque pari fervidus arte viam.
Bellua continuo tandem defessa labore
  Sub veteri quercu sistit anhela pedem.
Aggreditur gladiumque rotat Rex lætus, ocellis
  Emensus prædæ cornua magna suæ. 60

Valterus at contra calamis male fretus et arcu
  In latus oppofitum dirigit arma feræ.
Chorda fonat—rigidoque impulfa per aëra nervo
  Robore fatali dira fagitta volat.
Callidus at frontem cervus detorquet ab ictu
  Evitans mira mobilitate necem—
Vertitur a *ramis, tranfitque volatile telum
  Letiferum fervans, fulminis inftar, iter.
Vertitur—at non exfanguis cadit ifta fagitta
  Nec tenui vires aëre perdit iners. 70
Victima nobilior fuper herbam frontis honore
  Depofito, vilem fanguine rorat humum.
Pectore, Rufe, tuo pennata tremifcit arundo,
  Et pro rege gregis, Rex perit ipfe loci.
At mifer exanimum fpectans homicida tyrannum
  Obftupuit, mentis vix potis ipfe fuæ.
Quid faciat—quo fe ferat in difcrimine tali—
  Quî poterit tanti vim tolerare mali?
Spes illi, fpes una manet, via fola falutis—
  Trans mare præcipiti, dum licet, ire fuga. 80
Aufugit Eumenidum flagris agitatus, et amens,
  Ceu fugit infano concita Baccha Deo.

* *Ramis.*—Ang. Antlers.

Inſidiis tentans (animo timor addidit artem)
  Sectantis turbæ fallere poſſe viam,
Mutat equi ſoleam ferratam, ita calcat arenas
  Pars ea poſterior, quæ ſolet eſſe prior.
Tranat equus fluvium; ex illo reſonantis Avoni
  * Ipſe vadum proprio nomine ſignat eques.
Interea caſu inventum regale cadaver
  Sylvicolæ jacuit pauperis ante pedes. 90
Illum non pueri flerunt nec amabilis uxor,
  Nec gemuit juſtum terra paterna ducem;
Nec proavum magnis ſolennibus ivit ad umbras
  Nequior his hæres, mortuus ante diem;
Compoſitus pannis ſcabroque invectus aſello
  Fertur ad exequias Rex miſer ille ſuas.

* Hodie "*Tyrrell's ford.*"

ARTURUS CAPTIVUS PRINCEPS MATRI.

ARGUMENTUM.

Johannes Britannorum Rex Arturum nepotem et regni hæredem legitimum in caſtro de Falaiſe captivum detinuit ibi autem, incertum quo modo, utrum ferro percuſſum, an de culmine turris dejectum, an aquâ demerſum, ad extremum certe interficiendum curavit. Quid in carcere infelix puer perpeſſus ſit ſatis omnibus Shakſpearii lectoribus notum eſt. Ut Hubertus, oculos ejus lamina candenti ſuffodere juſſus, lacrymis pueri exoratus a ſcelere deſcierit, præcipuum eſt hujus epiſtolæ argumentum.

ARTURUS CAPTIVUS PRINCEPS MATRI.

O MEA Mater ubi es, Mater mea! non ita quondam
Arturum poteras deſeruiſſe tuum.
Deficit hic duplex conſtantia; pectore robur
Scilicet, et teneræ cura parentis abeſt.
Carcere me Patruus claudens crudelis in arcto
Inſonti puero te ſocioſque negat.
Quam tædet vigiles noctu numerare lucernas,
Soles quotquot eunt, occiduoſque dies!
Optavi quoties, Phœbo pellente tenebras,
Rurſus in heſterno ponere membra toro: 10
Et cum nox placidum ſuaderet ſera ſoporem
Optavi reducem deproperare diem.
Patrue crudelis quis te furor impulit, ut me
Innocuum clauſtris compedibuſque premas?
At, vereor, meditans in me graviora catenis,
Nempe paras fœdam fraude vel enſe necem.

Regius objicitur ſanguis mihi ; ſed quid honores
  Vel quid captivo nominis umbra valet ?
Ponere cuncta ſimul vellem—tituloſque nocentes
  Et genus, et claræ nobilitatis avos : 20
Functus et officio ſervi, per prata nemuſque
  Ducere lanigeros ad ſua ſepta greges.
Si te regnandi cepit tam dira libido,
  Ipſe parum imperii dum feror eſſe capax,
Indue regales ornatus, ſume coronam,
  Forte tibi levius quam mihi fiat onus.
Conveniunt puero puerilia—ludus, amores,
  Ingenui riſus, corporeuſque vigor :
Armorumque nepos tuus uſum diſcat, ut acrem
  Militiam ſcitè ferre paratus, eat. 30
Te metuo haud odi—ſi vis permittere, amabo :
  Promptius in tenero pectore creſcit amor.

* * * * * *

Te repetam rurſus Mater mea ; patruus aures
  Avertit ; ſurdis ſurdior ille fretis :
Durior et ſaxo ; vocem quia ſaxa remittunt,
  Et ſimulant gemitus mœnia dura meos.

Dira ſed acta loquor, quorum meminiſſe refugit
Deficiens animus, vix potis ipſe ſui,
Inſtabiliſque manus, pluma trepidante, papyrum
Imprimit incertis, non ſine labe, notis. 40
Veſperis hora fuit—portas intravit apertas
Hubertus, cuſtos carceris ille mei.
Hunc olim fidum comitem deceptus amabam
Mitis enim ingenio vir, licet ore rudis.
Nunc autem inſueto ſtetit ante cubilia vultu,
Intentans ſurdas voce tremente minas.
"Heus puer an vigilas? patruus tibi munera mittit
Munera non annis, ah miſer, apta tuis.
"Perlege—mox iſti deerunt quibus utere ocelli:
Hoc breve perficiant utilitatis opus." 50
Dixit—et ad nutum ſævi ſubiere miniſtri,
Hic laqueos, alter ferrea tela gerit:
Tela per appoſitas incandeſcentia flammas,
Effoſſura oculos impia tela meos.
Quid facerem impubes puer intra mœnia clauſus,
Adjutus nullo vindice, mentis inops?
Quid mihi prodeſſet teneris pugnaſſe lacertis
Viribus aut vires oppoſuiſſe meas?

Nulla fugæ tentanda fuit via, nulla ſalutis;
  Sævitiam et mortem fraus inopina parat. 60
Unum oro, noſtro dimittere ab ore miniſtros
  Horrendi ſceleris, participeſque velit;
Et gemui lacrymans, accenſam qualis ad aram
  Ducta ſacerdoti victima vincta gemit.
Mollibus et verbis tentans cohibere furentem
  Ad morem cecidi ſupplicis ante pedes.
Audiit ille—utrum vultus infantia noſtri,
  An Deus imbuerit cor pietate novâ,
An melior natura virum commoverit, ut ſic
  Sanguine abhorreret commaculare manus; 70
Neſcio—ſed nobis ſalvi ſervantur ocelli,
  Gaudentes læto lumine poſſe frui.
At trepidam quatiunt ventura pericula mentem,
  Quæque ſuos miſero parturit hora dolos.
Effugi mortem, at timeo: quin tu mihi mater
  Sollicito cuſtos præſidiumque veni.

MARIA SCOTORUM REGINA

ELIZABETHÆ REGINÆ.

ARGUMENTUM.

Maria Scotorum Regina, rebus duriſſimis vexata, et bello tandem devicta, præceps in Britanniam fugit. Ibi ſupplex reginæ Britannicæ miſericordiam ſimul atque auxilium oravit. Illa vero ſupplicem in carcerem conjectam multos annos detinuit, et in Caſtro de Fotheringay ad extremum incluſam morte mulctare decrevit. Interea Maria ad Elizabetham epiſtolam ſcribit, in qua præterita vitæ infortunia et injurias recenſet, et damna ſimul graviſſima contumeliaſque commemorat. Animum hoſtilem reginæ dono mollire conatur.* Inter ſcribendum vero nuntius venit a quo jubetur ſe morti parare. Hoc mandato accepto, Maria invictum animum ſervans, et regiæ dignitatis nequaquam immemor, Elizabethæ perfidiam immanem ſævitiamque objicit. Fortitudine qua reginam decet ultima pati conſtituit. Inde adventu mortis divino quodam afflatu correpta, ſupremo ore interfectrici olim ſeneſcenti graviſſimos caſus vaticinatur.

* Maria re vera gemmas quaſdam cordis figura diſpoſitas ad Elizabetham miſit et donum verſibus Latinis deſcripſit: quos leviter mutatos reperias, vs. 73—76.—Vid. Camden's Reliques.

MARIA SCOTORUM REGINA

ELIZABETHÆ REGINÆ.

HÆC tibi Reginæ ſcribens Regina ſorori
Peſſima me Fati damna tuliſſe queror.
Jure quidem ſimul ac titulis Regina, ſed exſul
Finibus, et ſolio pulſa Maria meo.*
Carcere bis denos prope jam conſumpſimus annos,
Cognita ſunt nobis carceris antra nimis.
Aurea Libertas, et aperti lumina Cœli,
Campi planities, monticolûmque viæ,
Vernus honor, tepiduſque æſtivæ ſpiritus auræ,
Libera Naturæ dona, negata mihi. 10
Pauperis ante fores ſedet uxor egena coloni,
Et pueros humili ſub lare tuta fovet;

* Apud veteres penultima vocis "Maria" brevis erat, *e.g.*
"Formoſus Mariam ducit Honorius."—CLAUDIAN, xiv. 37.
Sed uſus hodiernus ſyllabam longam defendit.

Fila trahens, cantu longum ſolata laborem,
  Nil optat præter quod ferat ipſa dies.
Omnia ſed mihi Reginæ ſolamina deſunt,
  Orba ego prole mea, ſpes quoque victa fugit.
Regia majeſtas quam ludit imagine vana!
  Gemmiferum ſpinas quot diadema parit!
Occupat imberbus maternas filius ædes,
  Indigni proles heu! mihi ſola patris. 20
Iſte pater Stygias jamdudum ceſſit ad umbras:
  Victima ſanguinei traditur eſſe doli:
Funeris artifices Lex puniat iraque Cœli,
  Mens mihi non iſto crimine mota dolet.
At non ille fuit peccati neſcius, at non
  Abſtinuit fœdo turpis et ipſe malo.
Uxor quid referam temerati crimen amoris,
  Et ſancti toties fœdera rupta tori?
Quorum me meminiſſe pudet—pejoraque reſtant;
  Qualia non alias regia nupta tulit. 30
Ah! miſer Italicæ citharœdus amabilis oræ,
  Æmulus Hebræi qui prope vatis eras!
Bis terque infelix! patriæ quia callidus artis
  Tu poteras Dominæ corda movere tuæ.

Nox erat, et placidam ſpiraverat aura quietem,
  Argutæ chordas perſonat ille lyræ,
Securus molles inter caliginis horas,
  Subter populeum ceu Philomela nemus.
Auditur ſubito fragor armorumque virûmque,
  Miſtaque cum raucis barbara verba minis. 40
Obſtupui! vultum fugit color omnis, et infans
  Territus eſt utero contremuitque meo.
Regius irrumpit conjux, fera turba ſequuntur
  Motores ſceleris participeſque ſui:
Accenſi proceres odio et furialibus iris,
  Quos magis Eumenidas diraque monſtra vocem.
Nec mora—Carnifices miſerum rapuere clientem,
  Veſtibus a noſtris vix tenuere manus;
Hærentem genibus Dominæ fruſtraque precantem
  Impia terribili tela dedere neci. 50
Oh utinam et noſtrum petiiſſent vulnera pectus,
  Vitaque cum calido ſanguine fuſa foret!
Mille ego fugiſſem Fortunæ tela viceſque,
  Conderet et cineres Scotia amica meos.
Vix credenda loquor—princeps molitor in illa
  Hoſpitis innocui cæde maritus erat!

Rem bene gesſiſti pro te, Regina, domoque,
Pro patria, et ſolio, fortis Eliſa, tuo,
Spernere quod nôſſes ſocialia fœdera lecti,
Indignata pari ſuccubuiſſe viro. 60
Forſitan occiſæ moneat te matris imago,
Pallida et effuſas ſanguinolenta comas,
Quam fallax ſit amor Regum, quam dira libido,
Quanta ferat ſecum damna ſiniſter Hymen.
Tu nuptæ angorum, quamvis innupta, memento;
Femina femineis parcere diſce malis.
Quid juvat inſontem vinclis cohibere ſororem?
Num captæ vires inſidiaſque times?
At, non omnis enim tibi jam clementia ceſſit,
Mox et in afflictam mitior eſſe voles, 70
Parva tibi, ſed quæ poſſum, munuſcula miſi;
Argumenta meæ ſint precor illa fide.
"Accipe diſpoſitas mihi cordis imagine gemmas,
Inter quas aurum pictum adamante nitet.
Aptum adamas pignuſque mei eſt et cordis imago;
Ars illum fingat, frangere nulla valet.
Non eſt candidior, non eſt hoc purior ille,
Quo gravius teritur fulget uterque magis."

* * * * *

Sed vereor nihil ista valent—num capta feroces
  Cerva canes gemitu molliat, agna lupos? 80
Dum loquor, attonitam subitæ damnantia morti
  Dicta ferens diro nuntius ore venit.
Quid video? veræne tenent ea signa tabellæ?
  Nonne oculis erro decipiorque meis?
Actum est—Reginam stat inermem cædere—ferrum
  Carnificis, cerno, dextra cruenta parat.
Ad te confugi supplex, tua corda putavi
  Infelix lacrymis tangere posse meis;
Victam, inopem, patria pulsam, crudeliter audes
  Carceris obscuro detinuisse cavo. 90
Quid Themin et leges simulas, et inania jura?
  Conveniunt factis non bene jura tuis.
Fœdum aliquod nobis crimen, scelus objicis ullum?
  Dic, quibus indiciis culpa probata mea est.
Signa tuam dextram referunt inscripta; fefellit
  Nonne vacillantem pluma caduca manum?
Ergo summa dies, et ineluctabile Fatum
  Vitæ infelicis jam mihi fila secat.
At non exilium merui, non vincula—quanto
  Digna minus sæva victima morte fui! 100

Mene putas ſontem? cur teſtes criminis abſunt?
  Nonne times ſancti jus violare Fori?
Te nova, te Dominam fidens Eccleſia jactat;
  Eſt tibi cura vagi præſidiumque gregis;
Cultus an iſte tuus lætatur ſanguine? puræ
  Scilicet egregium religionis opus!
Quid loquor infelix? piget hoc nimis acre locutam—
  Murmurat effrænas lingua agitata minas.
Indocilis natura tace! Sum regia proles—
  Reginæ magni nominis umbra manet— 110
Non decet ignavo tempus conſumere queſtu;
  Intrepidum pectus poſtulat hora necis.
Pallida Mors ſalve! duræ ſalvete ſecures!
  Aſpera, ſed ſola eſt hæc medicina mali.
Craſtina lux multo lacrymarum lugubris imbri
  Deformet triſtem me miſerata polum.
Sacra patrum longos diſcam venerata per annos
  Divino moriens ſubdere colla jugo.
Pace fruar, veniaque patrata ſurget ovanti
  Purior in cœlo ſplendidiorque dies. 120
At tibi mox vitæ ſupremo fine parantur
  Mœror, et inſano mens agitata metu.

Funeream ventura dies tibi projicit umbram,
Vindicat et mortem Parca ſevera meam.
Inclyta ſis bello, ſpoliiſque inſignis Iberis;
Damna ſeneſcentem ſed tamen atra manent.
Qualis in æſtivo Phœbus qui fulſerat ortu,
Occiduum nigro condit in imbre caput.
Te vetulam fallent proceres ſociæque miniſtræ,
Et perjura fides, et maleſuadus amor. 130
Horrida civili manabunt compita tabo,
Lictor et infamis triſte iterabit opus.
Ipſa fatigabis vano laquearia queſtu,
Flens nimium cari damna necemque ducis:
Inque ſepulcrali reſupina jacebis amictu,
Perque decem noctes, per totidemque dies;
Optabis mortem multorum conſcia cædis,
Et diſces miſeri quæ didicere pati.
Fatales inter gemitus hæc ultima verba
Paulatim linguæ deficientis erunt; 140
"Sceptra Britannorum ſoboles inviſa Mariæ
Rex cæſæ matris filius iſte gerat."

JOSEPHINA NAPOLEONI.

JOSEPHINA NAPOLEONI.

ACTUM eſt; poſcentes noſtri divortia lecti
Signavit tabulas imperioſa manus.
Infelix mulier videar disjuncta marito
Pœnam pro culpis hanc meruiſſe meis.
Sic mihi fatidicæ rata ſunt oracula ſagæ
Sortis haruſpicium vaticinata meæ.
Sæpe hæc deriſi; lacrymans nunc miror; an omnes
Eventus rerum præſcia novit anus?
Me diſceſſuram natali ſede, priuſquam
Anchora ſub lenta puppe ſoluta fuit, 10
Suſpirans graviter canoſque agitata capillos
Talibus admonuit fuſca Sibylla modis.
"Bis nupta i virgo, peregrinas hoſpes ad oras;
Te bona Fortunæ ſplendidiora manent;
Magna quidem, ſed non luctu caritura, priorem
Quum tibi ſuſtulerit mors violenta virum.

Scilicet immensi tibi servabuntur honores;
Ornabit frontem clara corona tuam;
Bis vidua a vivo vives viduata marito;
Væ tibi! rivalem disce cavere novam! 20
Regia nupta venit, quæ te patriamque virumque
Funditus evertet; regia nupta venit!
Candida lux oritur juveniles mitis in annos;
Opprimet extremos tristior umbra dies."
Dixerat; hanc circum stantes rapuere furentem;
Mens mihi sollicito torpuit icta metu.
Quum tandem evectæ tumidum super æquor, et ante
Quam prora attigerant littora Franca rates,
Sæpe vices varias venturaque fata revolvi,
Fœdera conjugii bina, duosque viros. 30
Talia quid memorem? cur luctus inter amaros
Mente puellari digna referre libet?
Hei mihi! cur unquam cannas palmetaque liqui,
Occiduos Soles, gemmiferumque mare,
Nutrit ubi nigros tellus ardentior Afros,
Servilesque terunt arva ligone manus?
Gaudia quot noram teneris felicior annis!
Grata quot exigui dona tulere Lares!

Sæpe corallinas ridens penetraſſe cavernas
 Virgineos duxi læta puella choros, 40
Nunc trepidans tinxiſſe pedes ſpumantibus undis,
 Nunc vitreas gaudens ludere ſubter aquas.
Hic me dulcis amor docuit ſperare ſalutem,
 Nec latere a noſtro fidus abeſſet amans.
Invida ſed vetuit ſors, et cura anxia matris
 In patrios cupidæ vertere vela focos.
Nec levis Ambitio, nec ſpem Fortuna fefellit,
 Nec caruere fide dicta furentis anus.
Cætera prætereo, quorum pars magna fuiſti;
 Eheu! pars animæ non bene rapta meæ 50
Quod te conſilium, quæ mens ita movit, amicam
 Ut fugeres comitem, participemque tori?
Reſpondebis, "Amor patriæ, ſoboliſque cupido."
 Hei mihi, cui pueros invida Fata negant!
Attamen ipſa tuo conſortem pronuba fratri,
 Et tibi privignum, me genitrice, dedi.
Nec sum adeo ſterilis; mihi proles oſcula jungens
 Jam lacrymas noſtris miſcet amica ſuas:
Eugeniuſque meus tecum ſtetit acer in armis,
 Fortiter et regnum ſuſtinet enſe tuum. 60

Si tibi poſcatur clari diadematis hæres,
Quem petis, inſigni munere dignus adeſt.
Necnon et tibi ſunt fratres : de pluribus unum
Elige, fratre tuo conſpiciendus eris.
Conſcendet ſolium ſeries numeroſa nepotum,
Et decus agnoſcent ſæcla futura tuum :
Accipienſque novos veſtro de ſtemmate reges
Servabit magni Gallia nomen avi.
Regia ſed conjux tibi nunc placet, inclyta virgo
Napoleoneo robore digna premi! 70
Ergo Naturæ lex eſt ſpernenda, Deique,
Et violanda fides, et violandus amor!
Hoc deſiderium tam grande propaginis, aræ
Fœdera perrumpens, impatienſque moræ,
Si fallax erit, et ſterilis nova manſerit uxor,
Effundens vanas nocte dieque preces;
Quid tibi profuerit, te cum pia cura reviſet,
Conjugis amiſſæ cura memorque tuæ?
At gravia hiſtoriæ veteres exempla dederunt
Ut ſint Auſtriacas damna ſecuta nurus. 80
Perdidit Auſtriaca et ſtirpem ramoſque Capeti;
Infelix animam perdidit ipſa ſuam.

Sanguine manabant generoſo ſtrata viarum
  Dum fremit aurata plebs furioſa domo.
Obſcœnum vulgus penetralia ſancta palati
  Obſidet, et rabidas evomit ore minas;
"Ad mortem! Auſtriaca ad mortem!" ſonat undique clamor;
  "Inviſum pereat nomen et oris honos."
Et periit—ſævæ præbens ſua colla ſecuri,
  Nobilis infamem femina paſſa necem. 90
Nonne times populi cæcos renovare furores?
  Plebs odio Auſtriacum Gallica nomen habet.
Fallax arbitrium eſt auræ popularis; eoſdem
  Quos olim extulerat ſpernere vulgus amat.
Inconſtans Fortuna novos meditata tumultus,
  Nunc tibi, nunc alii, munera ferre ſolet.
Quos tulit ad cœlum ſublimi Gloria curru
  Sæpe ferox Nemeſis ſternere gaudet humi.
Te quoque, Napoleon, felicem Martis alumnum,
  Inſignem ſceptris imperiiſque ducem, 100
Nunc gravis indomito victor licet enſe triumphes,
  Te tamen ultricis proruat ira Deæ.
Idque tuum rutilans quod in æthere fulgurat aſtrum
  Cras in Atlantiacis præcipitetur aquis.

Sed quaſcunque vices mendax tibi Parca reponat,
    Stabit adhuc noſtro pectore fidus amor.
Cum Mors (nec metuo venientem) claudet ocellos,
    Et cineres tellus condet amica meos,
Verba ſepulcrali ſaxo ſignata docebunt
    Manſerit ad mortem quam mihi vera fides ;   110
" Quæ jacet hic juſtos ſolvi ſibi poſcit honores ;
    Uxor enim magni Napoleonis erat."

NAPOLEON CONJUGI, EX INSULA SANCTA HELENA.

NAPOLEON CONJUGI, EX INSULA SANCTA HELENA.

ME quondam bello clarum et victricibus armis
  Laurigerum regem ſceptrigerumque ducem ;
Cui non dimidius nuper ſuffecerat orbis,
  Latius et regnum, Carole Magne, tuo ;
Milite nunc, ſociiſque meis, opibuſque carentem,
  Circumfuſa mari parva Seriphus habet.
Exſul, at indomitus Fatis, hac rupe malignam
  Expertus Nemeſin, Napoleon ſedeo ;
Hic meditans mecum, dum tu, dulciſſima conjux,
  Tu Maria, hæredis mater amata mei, 10
Immemor imperii, noſtræque oblita coronæ,
  Otia in Auſtriaco triſtia quæris agro.
Sic tibi, ſi gratum eſt, ſint otia ; pone dolorem,
  Pone importunos, patre jubente, metus ;
Sic tibi deſerto melior Fortuna marito
  Serviat, et placidos reddat amica dies.

Me tamen abſentem ploras, me forte dolentem,
  Et mea ſors animum tangat acerba tuum.
" Clarus ubi pater eſt ?" quærenti conſcia nato
  (Dum rigat ingenuas lacryma lenta genas) 20
Reſpondebis " *abeſt*," trepidiſque admota labellis
  Vix lingua adjiciet " *non rediturus abeſt*."
Carcer, et exſilium, dolor, inviſuſque ſatelles
  Magnanimi ſtringant oſſa cutemque viri ;
Mens tamen intrepido geſtit ſuperare volatu
  Sideraque et terras, Oceanique ſalum ;
Illic juſſa legens æterni præſcia fati
  Vincula terrigenum ſpernit iniqua ducum.
Inſula, quam ſanctam dicunt, quæ corpora noſtra
  Claudit, Atlantiacis arida ſurgit aquis ; 30
Horrida pumicibus quos olim a vertice rupto
  Montis in ambuſtam ſparſerat ignis humum :
Extinctus furor eſt ; at in omni valle videntur
  Concreti cineres, ſulfureæque notæ ;
Murmura, et interdum motus, calidique vapores
  Intus adhuc flamma fervere ſaxa monent.
Hanc importuno circum gemit unda fragore,
  Plurimus humentes imber inundat agros,

Candentique repercuſſus de pumice montis
  Sol gravior dira corpora peſte ferit. 40
Apparent raræ tentantes æquora puppes,
  Rara per extentas vela feruntur aquas.
Parva ratis, quæ nunc ad ſeptem verſa Triones
  Alta ſecas, patriæ fer bona vota meæ!
O Aquila, auratas quæ pandis ad æthera plumas,
  Aut ſuper aeria rupe ſuperba ſedes,
O magni Jovis ales agentis fulmina, junctum
  Uſque tuum noſtro nomine nomen erit;
Et quaſcunque vagis eat alis Fama per urbes,
  Napoleoneam vox celebrabit avem. 50
Oh utinam fugiens per aperti cærula cœli
  Te ſequerer noſtrum rurſus, ut ante, decus!
Qualis apud campos Venetum, ſive omine fauſto
  Tranſieris Rheni flumina, ſive Padi;
Jam ſuper Oceani fluctus Siculamque Charybdim,
  Et Melitæ turres, Dalmaticoſque ſinus.
Oppida quid memorem Memphitica, quidve ſepultos
  Ægypti cineres, et Pharaonis opes;
Pyramidumque altas moles, Nilique paludem,
  Et loca Thebanis nobilitata viris, 60

Qua centum portas fractaſque Hecatompylos arces
  Tollit, Oſiriaco mœnia ſacra Jovi?
Memnona quid referam, vocemque e rupe canora,
  Qua premit arentes umbra Gigantis agros;
Quæque leoninam humano vim junxerat ori
  Reginam imperii, Sphinga, paremque mei?
Nempe vigent grandes ut in illo corpore vires,
  Æternum in noſtro nomine robur ineſt;
Illaque divini pulcherrima gratia vultus
  Ingenii ſimulat vim ſpeciemque mei. 70
Fertur Alexander Libycas novus hoſpes ad aras
  Ex Ammone ſatum ſe ſtatuiſſe Deum.
Poſtera cælatos mirantur ſæcula nummos,
  Stellatam frontem cornigeraſque comas.
Africa ſic pariles gaudens numeraſſe triumphos
  Anteferat magno nomina noſtra Duci.
Africa ſi taceat, tamen haud Europa tacebit,
  Si quis honos armis, gloria ſi qua fuit.
"Cedite, Romani ductores! cedite, Graii!
  Major Alexandro, Cæſare major adeſt." 80
Qualis Alexander Gætulos impiger hoſtes
  Uſque ad Niliacas enſe ſubegit aquas,

Oppida Darii vaſtans, et regna Sabææ
  Victa Macedonio milite, talis ego.
India ſi deſit, non abſuit India menti,
  Et quaſcunque plagas Tigris et Oxus alunt:
Sed poſuit Fortuna modum, male notus et hoſtis,
  Et Syriæ flagrans peſtis, et ægra fames.
Hinc reducem vidit me Gallia; jamque tumeſcens
  Ambitio ad ſummas tollere cœpit opes. 90
Qualis enim rediens veterano milite Cæſar
  In patriam et patrios intulit arma focos;
Talis et ipſe mei ſpreto Rubicone triumphi
  Tranſilii vetitas Julius alter aquas.
Quod vidi, id rapui; ſceptroque potitus et oſtro
  Jura dedi populis aptaque frena meis.
(Libertas pueris ſtultiſque colatur; at eheu!
  Quot ſcelera iſtius nomine facta Deæ!)
Sed non Hannibalis peregrino fortia bello,
  Nec majora nitent Cæſaris arma meis. 100
Teſtes Alpinæ glacies et Rhenus et Iſter
  Biſque ſuas referans capta Vienna fores;
Italicæque urbes, Romæque everſa poteſtas;
  Externo tandem ſubdita Roma jugo:

Et Scythicæ gentes gelidique Boryſthenis unda
  Teutones et Belgæ Varſoviæque domus.
Me dominum rutilis excepit Moſcoa flammis,
  Me ſuper immites pons Bereſinus aquas,
Undique victorem—Superum niſi miſſa furore
  Turbinis hyberni nix vetuiſſet iter. 110
Quæ loca non gladii ſenſere pericula noſtri!
  Quæ plaga non tremuit fulmine quaſſa meo!
Grandis enim fortuna fuit, grandiſque ruina,
  Nec libet indignas commemorare vices.
Tu Maria haud neſcis, ſi pulchra Lutetia dextra
  Defendi poſſet, non mea ſegnis erat.
Haud ſecus in ſylvis ſi quando agitatus avitis
  Torva fronte minax extulit ora Leo:
Turba retro cedit venantum, victor ut ille
  Sanguineo infeſtos diſſipat ungue canes, 120
Dentibus infrendens monſtrum, dum voce timenda
  Et ſaxa, et valles, et nemus omne ſonat:
Sic ego inæquales contra tot millia pugnas
  Auſus eram ſola ſuſtinuiſſe manu.
At vos, o comites, mecum qui ſæpe tuliſtis
  Martis et ærumnas palmiferumque decus,

Veſtro quam multi rubuerunt ſanguine campi!
  Quanta fuit fido gloria cuique duci!
Vix regio Europæ, vix urbs, quin ſubdita vobis
  Protulit auſpiciis præmia digna meis. 130
Dalmatia huic titulos, huic Iſtria præbuit; illi
  Prævalido nomen Moſcoa victa ſuum;
Libera privigno gens paruit Itala noſtro;
  Hæredi ſceptrum nobile Roma dedit:
Parthenopen frater, luctantes frater Iberos,
  Imperio Batavos rexerat alter agros.
Mirum at inane decus! ſanctam Pius occupat urbem;
  Turba ſacerdotum Cæſaris arva tenet.
Perfida Borbonicas reparare Neapolis ædes
  Cœpit, et Hiſpano rege triumphat Iber. 140
Candida ſuccedunt tricolori lilia ſigno;
  Napoleoneas opprimit umbra domos.
Has premat umbra hodie, ſed amica nepotibus olim
  Exoritura dies alta tropæa ferat.
Vexillo, viciſtis enim, inſultate Tyranni!
  Dementes! aquilæ non periere meæ.
Feſtinat quamvis decreti funeris hora,
  Viſceraque occulta languida febre calent,

Vox tamen a fterili ad populos hac rupe feretur,
  Crefcet et imperii fama vetufta mei. 150
Mens mihi non ulla trepidat formidine leti
  Rebus in extremis firma potenfque fui.
Sæpe necem petii media inter fulmina Martis
  Et concurrentes ad fera bella viros.
Quod factum eft remanet; ftantemque in limite mundi
  Nil ventura juvat nocte fepulta fequi.
Quod mortale mihi fupereft, hoc corpus, et enfem
  Cum fagulo, nota vefte, recondet humus.
Ut faveat Gallis, abeat Fortuna Britannis,
  Hæc, hæc funt animi vota fuprema mei. 160
Si non qua placidum devolvit Sequana flumen
  Sedes relliquiis fit data fancta meis,
Humida mœrentum lacrymis, interque repoftos
  Heroum cineres, et monumenta ducum;
Mœfta falix, Nymphæ fpecie lacrymantis, in urnam
  Fundet aromaticas, imbre cadente, comas:
Scriptaque fi defint, memor advena pone fepulcro
  Danubium, Italiam, Pyramidas, Scythiam.

ELISSA ABELARDO.

ELOISA TO ABELARD.

IN theſe deep ſolitudes and awful cells,
Where heavenly-penſive contemplation dwells,
And ever-muſing melancholy reigns;
What means this tumult in a Veſtal's veins?
Why rove my thoughts beyond this laſt retreat?
Why feels my heart its long-forgotten heat?
Yet, yet I love!—From Abelard it came,
And Eloïſa yet muſt kiſs the name.
Dear fatal name! reſt ever unreveal'd,
Nor paſs theſe lips in holy ſilence ſeal'd: 10
Hide it, my heart, within that cloſe diſguiſe,
Where mix'd with God's, his loved Idea lies:
O write it not my hand—the name appears
Already written—waſh it out, my tears!
In vain loſt Eloïſa weeps and prays,
Her heart ſtill dictates, and her hand obeys.

ELISSA ABELARDO.

HAS inter ſacras turres, mæſtoſque receſſus
Immoritur ſtudiis mens ubi tota piis,
Regnat et alta quies, et non inamabilis horror,
Cur furit in venis tanta procella meis?
Mens mea quo dubiis erroribus acta vagatur?
Cur iterum vetito pectus amore calet?
Litera Abelardi ſopitos ſuſcitat ignes,
Oſculaque in carum nomen Eliſſa premet.
Ah! tacitum nobis nomen fatale maneto!
Ne ſolitum repetant hæc mea labra ſonum! 10
Corde meo incluſum lateat, quo conditur illa
Effigies una cum cruce mixta Dei.
Id ne ſcribe manus! jam nomine charta notatur;
Delenda eſt lacrymis conſcia charta meis.
Perdita nequicquam fundo lacrymaſque preceſque;
Quicquid cor jubeat, paret agitque manus.

Relentleſs walls! whoſe darkſome round contains
Repentant ſighs, and voluntary pains:
Ye rugged rocks, which holy knees have worn;
Ye grots and caverns ſhagg'd with horrid thorn! 20
Shrines! where their vigils pale eyed virgins keep,
And pitying ſaints, whoſe ſtatues learn to weep!
Though cold like you, unmoved and ſilent grown,
I have not yet forgot myſelf to ſtone.
All is not Heaven's while Abelard has part,
Still rebel nature holds out half my heart;
Nor prayers nor faſts its ſtubborn pulſe reſtrain,
Nor tears for ages taught to flow in vain.
Soon as thy letters trembling I uncloſe,
That well-known name awakens all my woes. 30
Oh name for ever ſad! for ever dear!
Still breathed in ſighs, ſtill uſher'd with a tear.
I tremble too, where'er my own I find,
Some dire misfortune follows cloſe behind.
Line after line my guſhing eyes o'erflow,
Led through a ſad variety of woe:

O duræ turres! quarum intra mœnia plorans
  Confugit a culpis impia turba ſuis;
Marmora adorantum duplicato poplite trita,
  Antra ſub implicitis vix adeunda rubis; 20
Fana, ubi virgineæ pallenti fronte ſorores
  Excubias agitant nocte dieque ſuas;
Voſque animæ ſanctæ, quarum mærentia ſigna
  Diffluere in lacrymas jam didicere pias;
Quamvis muta, rigens, et eburnea qualis imago,
  Non oblita mei ſum quoque facta ſilex.
Partem habet ille mei—me cœlum non habet omnem;
  Dimidium cordis ſuccubuiſſe negat.
Huic neque longa domant calidos jejunia motus,
  Non lacrymæ molles, et ſine fine preces. 30
Protinus ut chartas dextra trepidante recludo
  Tota, tuo viſo nomine, cura redit.
O nomen ſemper mæſtum carumque, ſonandum
  Singultu et lacrymis nomen ab ore meo.
Atque tuo quoties junctum ſit nomen Eliſſæ
  Pone venit gravius ſubſequiturque malum.
Fletibus ah quantis oculi ſparſere tabellas,
  Quot ſenſi luctus, quot variaſque vices!

Now warm in love, now withering in my bloom,
Loſt in a convent's ſolitary gloom!
There ſtern Religion quench'd th' unwilling flame,
There died the beſt of paſſions, Love and Fame. 40
  Yet write, oh write me all, that I may join
Griefs to thy griefs, and echo ſighs to thine.
Nor foes nor fortune take this power away;
And is my Abelard leſs kind than they?
Tears ſtill are mine, and thoſe I need not ſpare,
Love but demands what elſe were ſhed in prayer;
No happier taſk theſe faded eyes purſue;
To read and weep is all they now can do.
  Then ſhare thy pain, allow that ſad relief;
Ah, more than ſhare it, give me all thy grief. 50
Heaven firſt taught letters for ſome wretch's aid,
Some baniſh'd lover, or ſome captive maid;
They live, they ſpeak, they breathe what love inſpires,
Warm from the ſoul, and faithful to its fires,
The virgin's wiſh without her fears impart,
Excuſe the bluſh, and pour out all the heart,

Nunc in amore calens, nunc marcida flore juventæ,
  Perditaque in ſanɫo carcere ſola gemo ; 40
Dura ubi Religio priſcos compeſcuit ignes,
  Et quicquid magnum eſt, Famaque Amorque jacet.
Omnia quin tu ſcribe mihi—ſic jungere luɫus
  Luɫibus, et fletus fletibus inde queam.
Talia non hoſtes, non ſors vetat—an minus illis
  Mitis Abelarde es tu, patienſque tuæ ?
Uſque manent lacrymæ, lacrymis nec parcere vellem,
  Quaſque preces poſcunt, has ſibi poſcit amor.
Gratius hoc oculi, nihil hoc felicius optant ;
  Aut legere, aut flere eſt omne dolentis opus. 50
At precor, hæc tantum ſolatia triſtia redde,
  Da mihi mærores participare tuos.
A cælo venit ſcribendi miſſa poteſtas
  Solamen miſeris, triſtitiæque comes.
An fuit exul amans, an carcere clauſa puella
  Cui dederat calamos ingenioſus amor ?
Scripta movent animas et fida Cupidinis ignes
  Quicquid habet, ſpirant ; quod velit ille, volunt.
Diſſimulans caſti vultus pia charta ruborem
  Virginis amoto vota timore refert. 60

Speed the ſoft intercourſe from ſoul to ſoul,
And waft a ſigh from Indus to the Pole.
Thou know'ſt how guiltleſs firſt I met thy flame,
When Love approach'd me under friendſhip's name; 60
My fancy form'd thee of angelic kind,
Some emanation of th' all-beauteous Mind.
Thoſe ſmiling eyes, attempering every ray,
Shone ſweetly lambent with celeſtial day.
Guiltleſs I gazed, heaven liſten'd while you ſung;
And truths divine came mended from that tongue.
From lips like thoſe what precept fail'd to move?
Too ſoon they taught me 'twas no ſin to love:
Back through the path's of pleaſing ſenſe I ran,
Nor wiſh'd an Angel whom I loved a Man. 70
Dim and remote the joys of ſaints I ſee;
Nor envy them that heaven I loſe for thee.
How oft, when preſs'd to marriage, have I ſaid,
Curſe on all laws but thoſe which love has made?
Love, free as air, at ſight of human ties,
Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies.

Scripta viam inveniunt, et furtim a Gadibus uſque
  Auroram et Gangem mollia verba ferunt.
Noviſti primos ut ſenſi pura calores,
  Nomine amicitiæ cum mihi crevit amor.
Mens mea te finxit divina ſtirpe creatum,
  Angelici ſobolem te comitemque chori.
Cæruleis cæleſte jubar ridebat ocellis
  Ætherii radios te moderante Dei.
Quin ſimul ac cantu vox eſt ſublata, canoros
  Sunt mirata modos ipſa vel aſtra poli ; 70
Et quodcunque ſacri docuere volumina libri
  Sanctius id nobis lingua diſerta dedit.
Auſpice te didici nihil eſſe in amore probroſum,
  Quicquid enim doceas tu, nequit eſſe malum.
Sæpe voluptatum per dulcia mente recurri,
  Nec Divum peterem, ſi tibi juncta viro.
Gaudia ſanctorum nimis hinc diſtantia cerno ;
  Nec cœlum invideo quod mihi perdit amor.
Si quis conjugium laudaret, " Quid mihi leges ?
  Fœdera quid, ſi non quæ ſibi nectit amor ?" 80
Fædere propoſito, quatit ille exterritus alas,
  Corripit et præceps alitis inſtar iter.

Let wealth, let honour, wait the wedded dame,
Auguſt her deed, and ſacred be her fame;
Before true paſſion all thoſe views remove;
Fame, wealth, and honour! what are you to Love? 80
The jealous God, when we profane his fires,
Thoſe reſtleſs paſſions in revenge inſpires,
And bids them make miſtaken mortals groan,
Who ſeek in love for aught but love alone.
Should at my feet the world's great maſter fall,
Himſelf, his throne, his world, I'd ſcorn 'em all:
Not Cæſar's empreſs would I deign to prove;
No, make me miſtreſs to the man I love;
If there be yet another name more free,
More fond than miſtreſs, make me that to thee! 90
Oh! happy ſtate! when ſouls each other draw,
When love is liberty, and nature, law:
All then is full, poſſeſſing and poſſeſt,
No craving void left aching in the breaſt:
Ev'n thought meets thought, ere from the lips it part,
And each warm wiſh ſprings mutual from the heart.
This ſure is bliſs (if bliſs on earth there be)
And once the lot of Abelard and me.

Divitias, titulofque habeat matrona pudica,
Ornet honoratum fama decora caput;
Ante tuas aras tamen, o invicte Cupido,
Et fama, et tituli, divitiæque cadunt.
Hæc Deus infpirat vindex mortalibus ægris
Cum violent fanctas corda proterva faces:
Motibus his hominem cruciat, qui præter Amorem
In puro quicquam falfus amore petit. 90
Munera, divitias, foliumque et regna recufem
Terrarum Dominus fi cadat ante pedes:
Cæfareæ titulum Reginæ fpernere vellem;
Me potius dominam fac, ubi regnat amor.
Sin aliquis domina titulus tibi gratior exftat,
Hoc titulo felix, hoc tua femper ero.
Vita beata nimis! cui ftat pro lege voluntas
Naturæ, et metuens fœdera liber amor.
Secum omne abforbet tota hic et plena voluptas,
Dira nec in vacuo corde venena latent. 100
Arcte conjunctis animis interprete lingua
Non opus eft, eadem vota in utroque calent.
Gaudia funt certe hæc, fi quæ fint gaudia vitæ;
Hac noftra, et noftri nuper amantis erant.

Alas how changed! what ſudden horrors riſe!
A naked Lover bound and bleeding lies! 100
Where, where was Eloïſe? her voice, her hand!
Her poniard had oppoſed the dire command.
Barbarian, ſtay! that bloody ſtroke reſtrain;
The crime was common, common be the pain.
I can no more, by ſhame, by rage ſuppreſs'd,
Let tears, and burning bluſhes ſpeak the reſt.
Canſt thou forget that ſad, that ſolemn day,
When victims at yon altar's foot we lay?
Canſt thou forget what tears that moment fell,
When, warm in youth, I bade the world farewell? 110
As with cold lips I kiſs'd the ſacred veil,
The ſhrines all trembled, and the lamps grew pale:
Heaven ſcarce believed the Conqueſt it ſurvey'd,
And Saints with wonder heard the vows I made.
Yet then, to thoſe dread altars as I drew,
Not on the Croſs my eyes were fix'd but you:
Not grace, or zeal, love only was my call,
And if I loſe thy love, I loſe my all.
Come! with thy looks, thy words, relieve my woe;
Thoſe ſtill at leaſt are left thee to beſtow. 120

Quid video, quantaſque vices! en nudus arena
 Sternitur, et ſævo vulnere læſus amans!
Tunc ubi Eliſſa fuit? dextra, clamore, parata,
 Audax vel gladio turpe vetare nefas!
Barbare ſiſte manus! cæcum reſtingue furorem,
 Pœna ſit ambobus, mutua culpa fuit. 110
Cætera jam taceo lacrymis ſuffuſa co-ortis;
 Ira pudorque ſimul dicere plura vetant.
Nonne ſoles mœſti interdum meminiſſe diei
 Quo jacui ſupplex te prope in æde Dei?
Quot lacrymis maduere oculi, cum flore juventæ
 Fervida clamavi, "Vita beata, vale!"
Lumina palluerunt, et inhorruit omne ſacellum
 Ut preſſere ſacrum frigida labra peplum.
Ipſi vix credenda fuit victoria cœlo,
 Et Superi pactas obſtupuere preces. 120
Hos tamen ad ritus, et ad ipſa altaria, vultus
 In te defixus, non cruce, noſter erat.
Me periturus amor non cœlum movit; amorem
 Si perdam, miſeræ perditur omne mihi.
Care veni! ærumnas vultuque et voce levato!
 Hæc ſaltem reſtant munera ſalva tibi;

Still on that breaſt enamour'd let me lie,
Still drink delicious poiſon from thy eye.
Pant on thy lip, and to thy heart be preſs'd;
Give all thou canſt—and let me dream the reſt.
Ah no! inſtruct me other joys to prize,
With other beauties charm my partial eyes,
Full in my view ſet all the bright abode,
And make my ſoul quit Abelard for God.
  Ah think at leaſt thy flock deſerves thy care,
Plants of thy hand, and children of thy prayer, 130
From the falſe world in early youth they fled,
By thee to mountains, wilds, and deſerts led.
You raiſed theſe hallow'd walls; the deſert ſmiled,
And Paradiſe was open'd in the Wild.
No weeping orphan ſaw his father's ſtores
Our ſhrines irradiate, or emblaze the floors;
No ſilver ſaints, by dying miſers given,
Here bribed the rage of ill requited heaven:
But ſuch plain roofs as piety could raiſe,
And only vocal with the Maker's praiſe. 140
In theſe lone walls (their days eternal bound)
Theſe moſs-grown domes with ſpiry turrets crown'd,

Pectore pressa tuo felix et amata recumbam,
  Ex oculisque bibam toxica grata tuis.
Osculaque insigens labris suspiria ducam, et
  Si non omne potes, quod potes omne dato. 130
Non ita; præceptis melioribus instrue mentem;
  Divina ante oculos gaudia pande meos:
Omnipotens ubi Rex cœlesti fulget in aula,
  Tu comes huc animam duc, mea vita, meam.
Teque tuamque rogat gens devotissima curam,
  Gens educta manu, gens prece salva tua;
Quæ fugiens falsi damnosa pericula mundi
  Per deserta vagum te duce carpsit iter.
Conditor hanc ædem posuisti: risit eremus
  Surrexit sterili cum paradisus agro. 140
Filia nulla videt nummos hic orba paternos
  Atria vel nostros irradiare focos;
Munere nec moriens pretioso sperat avarus
  Irati veniam sollicitare Dei.
Hos posuit muros pietas sincera modestos,
  Et præter laudes, hæc nihil aula sonat.
Verum intra portas, clausumque hoc limen, et inter
  Muscosas turres hospitiumque domus,

Where awful arches make a noon-day night,
And the dim windows ſhed a ſolemn light;
Thy eyes diffuſed a reconciling ray,
And gleams of glory brighten'd all the day.
But now no face divine contentment wears,
'Tis all blank ſadneſs, or continual tears.
See how the force of others' prayers I try,
(O pious fraud of am'rous charity !) 150
But why ſhould I on others' prayers depend?
Come thou, my father, brother, huſband, friend!
Ah let thy handmaid, ſiſter, daughter move,
And all thoſe tender names in one, thy love!
The darkſome pines that o'er yon rocks reclined
Wave high, and murmur to the hollow wind,
The wand'ring ſtreams that ſhine between the hills,
The grots that echo to the tinkling rills,
The dying gales that pant upon the trees,
The lakes that quiver to the curling breeze; 160
No more theſe ſcenes my meditation aid,
Or lull to reſt the viſionary maid.
But o'er the twilight groves and duſky caves,
Long-ſounding iſles, and intermingled graves,

Curva ubi continuam faciunt laquearia noctem,
  Solis et obscurat picta fenestra jubar, 150
Hic cœleste tui fuderunt lumen ocelli,
  Effulsitque tuo gratior ore dies.
Nunc ea turba vacat tristis taciturnaque, in omni
  Stant vultu lacrymæ, perpetuusque dolor.
Argumenta tuæ commendo talia menti;
  Sæpe pias fraudes fingere tentat amor.
Sed quid ego infelix alienis vocibus utar?
  Conjux et genitor, frater, amice, veni.
Nata, ancilla, soror tecum conjuncta manebo,
  Omniaque in solo nomine nectat amor. 160
Ardua nubiferas circum nutantia rupes
  Pineta, hybernis usque agitata notis;
Flumina quæ tumidos lambunt sinuantia colles,
  Quæque sonant scatebris antra cadentis aquæ:
Aura, levi frondosa movens virgulta susurro,
  Et trepidi, zephyro concutiente, lacus;
Jam non delectant meditantis talia mentem,
  Sollicitæque ferunt otia nulla mihi.
Verum inter tumulos tacitæque crepuscula sylvæ
  Antra apud, et templi longa sacella, Dolor, 170

Black Melancholy ſits, and round her throws
A death-like ſilence, and a dread repoſe:
Her gloomy preſence ſaddens all the ſcene,
Shades ev'ry flower, and darkens ev'ry green,
Deepens the murmur of the falling floods,
And breathes a browner horror on the woods. 170
Yet here for ever, ever muſt I ſtay;
Sad proof how well a lover can obey!
Death, only death, can break the laſting chain;
And here, even then, ſhall my cold duſt remain,
Here all its frailties, all its flames reſign,
And wait till 'tis no ſin to mix with thine.
Ah wretch! believed the ſpouſe of God in vain,
Confeſs'd within the ſlave of love and man.
Aſſiſt me, heaven! but whence aroſe that prayer?
Sprung it from piety, or from deſpair? 180
Ev'n here, where frozen chaſtity retires,
Love finds an altar for forbidden fires.
I ought to grieve, but cannot what I ought;
I mourn the lover, not lament the fault;

Vefte fedens atra circum loca triftia rores
  Lethæos, nubem funereamque jacit.
Pallida contriftat totum præfentia campum,
  Marcefcunt flores, deperiere comæ:
Illius adventu gravius fit murmur aquarum
  Et premit ilignum denfior umbra nemus.
Ipfa tamen duro difcens parere magiftro
  Hanc captiva domum tempus in omne colam.
Cum mors has folvet, quæ folvet fola, catenas,
  Hos eadem cineres facra recondet humus. 180
Hic pofiti fileant ignes, peccata quiefcant,
  Contenta et jaceam pulvere mixta tuo.
O mifera! humanæ confeffa libidinis œftrum
  Perjura, et fruftra credita nupta Dei.
Sancte Pater, miferere mei! dum crimina ploro
  Vix aufa incertas ingeminare preces!
Hanc vocem an pietas, an defperatio jactat?
  Unde preces ortæ? quo vaga mente feror?
Hic et virginitas quo frigida confugit, aram
  Accendit vetitis ignibus acer Amor. 190
Cum doluiffe velim, me non doluiffe dolendum eft;
  Me piget haud culpæ poffe pigere meæ.

I view my crime, but kindle at the view,
Repent old pleafures, and folicit new;
Now turn'd to heaven, I weep my paft offence,
Now think of thee, and curfe my innocence,
Of all affliction taught a lover yet,
'Tis fure the hardeft fcience to forget! 190
How fhall I lofe the fin, yet keep the fenfe,
And love th' offender, yet deteft th' offence?
How the dear object from the crime remove,
Or how diftinguifh penitence from love?
Unequal tafk! a paffion to refign,
For hearts fo touch'd, fo pierced, fo loft as mine.
Ere fuch a foul regains its peaceful ftate,
How often muft it love, how often hate!
How often hope, defpair, refent, regret,
Conceal, difdain,—do all things but forget. 200
But let heaven feize it, all at once 'tis fired;
Not touch'd, but rapt; not waken'd, but infpired!
Oh come! oh teach me nature to fubdue,
Renounce my love, my life, myfelf—and you.
Fill my fond heart with God alone, for he
Alone can rival, can fucceed to thee.

Agnoſco culpas, fateor ; ſed faſſa caleſco ;
  Odi præteritas, ſollicitoque novas.
Nunc, cœli memorem, peccati pœnitet ; angit
  Nunc pietas victam me, memoremque tui.
Rebus in extremis, res eſt duriſſima amanti,
  Scilicet ardoris non meminiſſe ſui.
Solvere me culpa potero, retinereque ſenſum ?
  Aut odiſſe malum, quin et amare reum ? 200
Quî potero dulci ſecernere crimen amanti ?
  Et quid ſit pietas dicere, quid ſit amor ?
Ardua res ſane, lacerum cor vulnere tali
  Diſcat ut ardores dedidiciſſe ſuos.
Quantus amor quantumque odium manet ante ferendum
  Mens ea quam poterit pace priore frui ?
Ira, dolor, lacrymæ, ſpes, indignatio, amantem
  Omnia, præterquam non meminiſſe, decent.
Me ſimul ac cœlum rapuit, nova flamma cietur ;
  Divino afflatu mens agitata calet. 210
O dilecte veni, et veniens ita fac, ut amorem
  Cœlo ſubjiciam, teque animamque meam ;
Tu mihi care Deum inſpira ; ſuccedere ſolus
  Nam Deus ipſe poteſt, æmulus eſſe tui.

How happy is the blameleſs Veſtal's lot?
The world forgetting, by the world forgot:
Eternal ſunſhine of the ſpotleſs mind!
Each prayer accepted, and each wiſh reſign'd; 210
Labour and reſt, that equal periods keep;
"Obedient ſlumbers that can wake and weep;"
Deſires compoſed, affections ever even;
Tears that delight, and ſighs that waft to heaven.
Grace ſhines around her with ſereneſt beams,
And whiſpering Angels prompt her golden dreams.
For her th' unfading roſe of Eden blooms,
And wings of Seraphs ſhed divine perfumes,
For her the Spouſe prepares the bridal ring,
For her white virgins Hymenæals ſing, 220
To ſounds of heavenly harps ſhe dies away,
And melts in viſions of eternal day.

Far other dreams my erring ſoul employ,
Far other raptures, of unholy joy:
When at the cloſe of each ſad, ſorrowing day,
Fancy reſtores what vengeance ſnatch'd away,
Then conſcience ſleeps, and leaving nature free,
All my looſe ſoul unbounded ſprings to thee.

Ter felix! fociis oblita, oblita fuorum ;
Veftalis virgo, forte beata fua ;
Cui parat æternam vita immaculata coronam
Acceptæque preces, et data vota Deo!
Huic labor et requies certas numerantur in horas
Quique venit juffus nocte, fugitque fopor. 220
Hinc placidi affectus, jufto moderamine ducti,
Et lacrymæ dulces hinc, gemitufque pii;
Hanc circum radians cœleftis gratia fulget
Angelicique ferunt fomnia blanda chori;
Aligerum ambrofios agmen diffundit odores,
Et Paradifiacis frons nitet alba rofis;
Huic Deus ætheria fponfalia pandit in aula
Virginea ritus concelebrante manu.
Angelici fopita jacet modulamine plectri
Æternam anticipans mane oriente diem. 230
Heu diverfa meum perturbant fomnia lectum!
Cafta parum tacita gaudia nocte ruunt,
Quum, fimul ac triftes redierunt vefperis horæ,
Quæ furor abripuit, mens mihi cuncta refert.
Quid deceat fperno, et naturæ fræna remittens
Ad gremium fugio libera, tota, tuum.

Oh curſt, dear horrors of all-conſcious night!
How glowing guilt exalts the keen delight! 230
Provoking Dæmons all reſtraint remove,
And ſtir within me every ſource of love.
I hear thee, view thee, gaze o'er all thy charms,
And round thy phantom glue my claſping arms.
I wake:—no more I hear, no more I view,
The phantom flies me, as unkind as you.
I call aloud; it hears not what I ſay:
I ſtretch my empty arms; it glides away.
To dream once more I cloſe my willing eyes;
Ye ſoft illuſions, dear deceits, ariſe! 240
Alas, no more! methinks we wandering go
Through dreary waſtes, and weep each other's woe,
Where round ſome mould'ring tower pale ivy creeps,
And low-brow'd rocks hang nodding o'er the deeps.
Sudden you mount, you beckon from the ſkies;
Clouds interpoſe, waves roar, and winds ariſe.
I ſhriek, ſtart up, the ſame ſad proſpect find,
And wake to all the griefs I left behind.

Novit inexpletam rabiem nox confcia culpæ,
Lætitiamque auctam dat fceleratus amor.
Dæmones infandi virtutis vincula folvunt
Et Venus in toto corpore fæva furit. 240
Rurfus et agnofco vocem vultumque decorum,
Et mea funt formæ brachia preffa tuæ.
Excutior fomnis; oculos nil, nil ferit aures;
Formaque, crudelis tu velut ipfe, fugit.
Te voco voce amens, vocem non audit imago,
Fallit et extenfas mobilis umbra manus.
Somnia jam repeto, fallacia gaudia adefte!
Ardori, quamvis vana, favete meo.
Nequicquam! videor loca per deferta vagari
Et tecum rurfus mutua flere mala; 250
Qua circum fractas, veterum caftella, ruinas
Pallentes hederæ, mollis et herba viret,
Quaque procellofos fuperimpendentia fluctus
Præcipitem lapfum faxa minantur aquis.
Afcendens fubito cœli de vertice nutas;
Sed furgunt undæ, turbine faxa fremunt.
Horrefco, exclamo, folitos renovare dolores
Nuper et oblitum ferre coacta malum.

For thee the fates, ſeverely kind, ordain
A cool ſuſpenſe from pleaſure and from pain; 250
Thy life a long dead calm of fix'd repoſe;
No pulſe that riots, and no blood that glows.
Still as the ſea, ere winds were taught to blow,
Or moving ſpirit bade the waters flow;
Soft as the ſlumbers of a ſaint forgiven,
And mild as opening gleams of promiſed heaven.
Come, Abelard! for what haſt thou to dread?
The torch of Venus burns not for the dead.
Nature ſtands check'd; Religion diſapproves;
Ev'n thou art cold—yet Eloïſa loves. 260
Ah hopeleſs, laſting flames; like thoſe that burn
To light the dead, and warm th' unfruitful urn.
What ſcenes appear where'er I turn my view?
The dear Ideas, where I fly, purſue,
Riſe in the grove, before the altar riſe,
Stain all my ſoul, and wanton in my eyes.
I waſte the Matin lamp in ſighs for thee,
Thy image ſteals between my God and me,
Thy voice I ſeem in every hymn to hear,
With every bead I drop too ſoft a tear. 270

At tibi dant certum ſævi medicamen amoris
  Lætitiæque parem Fata ſevera modum. 260
Te neque perturbat violenti ſanguinis æſtus,
  Nec tibi laſcivo flumine vena tumet.
Ceu mare tranquillum Borea reticente, priuſquam
  Spiritus æquoreis incubuiſſet aquis ;
Sive animæ jucunda quies inſontis, aperto
  Limine jam cœli, ſic mihi care jaces.
Care veni ! quid enim metuas ? non apta ſepultis
  Fax Veneris ; vivos excitat illa focos.
Obſtat religio, torpet natura, hyemali
  Tu nive frigidior, ſed tua ſemper amat. 270
Qualis funerea longum latet ignis in urna,
  Ardet et in ſterili flamma ſuprema rogo.
Quocunque aſpiciam, ſurgit tua dulcis imago,
  Inſequiturque meam, me fugiente, fugam.
Sub nemorum foliis, ipſamque videtur ad aram ;
  Ante oculos ludit, mentem animumque domat.
Te meditans vigiles conſumo mœſta lucernas,
  Furtim ſtas inter meque Deumque meum.
Vox tua adorantum concentu ſurgit in hymnis,
  Suſcitat et lacrymas cum prece mixta mea. 280

When from the cenſer clouds of fragrance roll,
And ſwelling organs lift the riſing ſoul,
One thought of thee puts all the pomp to flight,
Prieſts, tapers, temples, ſwim before my ſight:
In ſeas of flame my plunging ſoul is drown'd,
While Altars blaze, and Angels tremble round.
  While proſtrate here in humble grief I lie,
Kind, virtuous drops juſt gathering in my eye,
While praying, trembling, in the duſt I roll,
And dawning grace is opening on my ſoul: 280
Come, if thou dareſt, all charming as thou art!
Oppoſe thyſelf to heaven; diſpute my heart;
Come, with one glance of thoſe deluding eyes
Blot out each bright Idea of the ſkies;
Take back that grace, thoſe ſorrows, and thoſe tears;
Take back my fruitleſs penitence and prayers;
Snatch me, juſt mounting, from the bleſt abode;
Aſſiſt the fiends, and tear me from my God!
No, fly me, fly me, far as Pole from Pole;
Riſe Alps between us! and whole oceans roll! 290
Ah, come not, write not, think not once of me,
Nor ſhare one pang of all I felt for thee.

Organa cum raptam tollunt ſpirantia mentem
  Multaque thuricremo fumat acerra foco;
Templa, ſacerdotes, tædarum lumen, et altæ
  Grande decus pompæ, te veniente, fugit.
Mens mihi merſa cadit flammanti perdita fluctu
  Angelicique tremunt, ardet ut ara, chori.
Dum jaceo ſupplex humili proſtrata dolore
  Et fluit in teneris gutta coorta genis;
Dum trepidans, orans, in pulvere volvor, et omnem
  Me victam Pietas urget, amorque Dei; 290
Si tantum audebis, cœlo te oppone, tuamque
  Invideas Superis; pulcher, amate, veni!
Care veni! jactuque uno fallacis ocelli
  Quicquid ineſt cœli pectore pelle meo.
Omnia quae ſenſi, gemitus lacrymaſque preceſque
  Singultus vanos, triſtitiamque piam,
Pluraque ſi reſtant tibi cuncta reſume, miniſtris
  Abripe me ſanctis ætheriaque domo!
Me jam ſcandentem cœleſtia regna, malignis
  Tu Furiis adſtans, improbe, velle Deo. 300
Ah! potius fugito, ut longe diſtantior abſis
  Quam ſit ab Arctoo Zona peruſta polo.
Surgite inacceſſis inter nos rupibus Alpes,
  Volvite fluctiſonas, vos maria alta, vias.
Nequaquam venias! mihi nil reſcribe, nec ullum
  Luctibus e noſtris participare velis!

Thy oaths I quit, thy memory reſign;
Forget, renounce me, hate whate'er was mine.
Fair eyes, and tempting looks (which yet I view!)
Long loved, adored ideas, all adieu!
Oh grace ſerene! oh virtue heavenly fair!
Divine oblivion of low-thoughted care!
Freſh blooming hope, gay daughter of the ſky!
And faith, our early immortality! 300
Enter, each mild, each amicable gueſt;
Receive, and wrap me, in eternal reſt!
See in her cell ſad Eloïſa ſpread,
Prompt on ſome tomb, a neighbour of the dead.
In each low wind methinks a ſpirit calls,
And more than echoes talk along the walls.
Here, as I watch'd the dying lamps around,
From yonder ſhrine I heard a hollow ſound.
"Come, ſiſter, come! (it ſaid, or ſeem'd to ſay)
"Thy place is here, ſad ſiſter, come away! 310
"Once like thyſelf, I trembled, wept, and pray'd,
"Love's victim then, though now a ſainted maid:
"But all is calm in this eternal ſleep;
"Here grief forgets to groan, and love to weep,

Ipſa oblita tui, tua ſacramenta reſigno:
Quicquid erat noſtri tu cave, temne, fuge!
Frontis honos, dulceſque oculi, quamque ipſa videre
Jam videor gracilis forma, valete mihi! 310
Gratia cœleſtis, virtus pulcherrima ſalve!
Et ſpes uſque virens, alma miniſtra Dei;
Vos ſalvete, gravis divina oblivia curæ,
Et cœli anticipans gaudia, ſancta fides!
Si quæ ſit mitis, ſi quæ ſit amabilis hoſpes,
Me petat: æterna ſic ego pace fruar.
En ubi Eliſſa domo triſti, vicina ſepultis
Semianimis gelido marmore fulta jacet.
Me vocat aſſiduo Lemurum phantaſma ſuſurro
Qualem non Echo, nec levis aura movet. 320
Ad tremulas longa vigilantem nocte lucernas
Talibus admonuit flebilis Umbra modis.
"O ſoror infelix," ait, aut dixiſſe videtur,
"Expectata diu triſtis Eliſſa, veni!
"Ipſa olim tremui, flevi; tunc victima amoris,
"Nunc in cœleſti ſancta puella domo.
"Æterno ceſſant hic infortunia ſomno,
"Nec gemit hic luctus, nec mala plorat amor.

"Ev'n ſuperſtition loſes every fear :
"For God, not man, abſolves our frailties here."
I come! I come! prepare your roſeate bowers,
Celeſtial palms, and ever-blooming flowers.
Thither, where ſinners may have reſt, I go,
Where flames refined in breaſts ſeraphic glow : 320
Thou, Abelard! the laſt ſad office pay,
And ſmooth my paſſage to the realms of day :
See my lips tremble, and my eye-balls roll,
Suck my laſt breath and catch my flying ſoul!
Ah no—in ſacred veſtments may'ſt thou ſtand,
The hallow'd taper trembling in thy hand,
Preſent the croſs before my lifted eye,
Teach me at once, and learn of me to die!
Ah then, thy once-loved Eloïſa ſee!
It will be then no crime to gaze on me. 330
See from my cheek the tranſient roſes fly!
See the laſt ſparkle languiſh in my eye!
'Till every motion, pulſe, and breath be o'er ;
And ev'n my Abelard be loved no more.
Oh Death all-eloquent! you only prove
What duſt we doat on, when 'tis man we love.

"Ipſa ſuperſtitio diſcit ſuperare timores,
"Hic ſcelere abſolvit nam Deus ipſe reos." 330
En adſum; venio; tu flores necte amaranthi,
Palmarum frondes, ambroſiaſque roſas!
Pectora qua miti fervent cœleſtia flamma
Et peccatores pace fruantur, eo.
Ipſe feras, vir care, meo ſolatia lecto
Supremam curans explicuiſſe viam;
Tuque piis manibus condas morientis ocellos,
Ultimaque arripias oſcula ab ore meo.
Quin adſta potius niveo venerandus amictu,
Dextra ſacratam rite tenente facem; 340
Ante oculos attolle crucem, da ſigna ſalutis,
Meque ſimul doceas, ipſeque diſce, mori.
Olim dilectam, dilecte, tuere puellam,
Cernere compoſitam non tibi crimen erit.
Cernes pallenti diſcedere fronte colorem
Et tremulum ex oculis lumen abire meis;
Donec et oris honos, motuſque, et ſpiritus auræ,
Torpeat et venæ pulſus, amorque tui.
O vox facundæ mortis! tu ſola fateris
Pulvere quam levior, quam fugitivus amor! 350

Then too, when fate ſhall thy fair frame deſtroy,
(That cauſe of all my guilt, and all my joy)
In trance ecſtatic may thy pangs be drown'd,
Bright clouds deſcend, and angels watch thee round, 340
From op'ning ſkies may ſtreaming glories ſhine,
And ſaints embrace thee with a love like mine.

May one kind grave unite each hapleſs name,
And graft my love immortal on thy fame!
Then, ages hence, when all my woes are o'er,
When this rebellious heart ſhall beat no more;
If ever chance two wand'ring lovers brings
To Paraclete's white walls and ſilver ſprings,
O'er the pale marble ſhall they join their heads,
And drink the falling tears each other ſheds; 350
Then ſadly ſay, with mutual pity moved,
"Oh may we never love as theſe have loved!"
From the full choir when loud hoſannas riſe,
And ſwell the pomp of dreadful ſacrifice,
Amid that ſcene if ſome relenting eye
Glance on the ſtone where our cold relics lie,

At tua cum fato pulcherrima forma peribit,
Omnis caufa mali, lætitiæque meæ,
Somnia fupremas fallant cœleftia pœnas,
Deficit ut languens fpiritus ore tuo.
Defcendant nubes, immortalefque miniftri
Invigilent lecto, fida caterva, tuo:
Gloria te cœli irradiet, fanctique fodales
Te quoque, qualis erat nofter, amore colant.
Amborum cineres una condantur in urna
Ut tibi duret honos duret amorque meus. 360
Sic, ubi ceffârint poft fecula longa dolores,
Indomito fanguis nec mihi corde fluet:
Si Paracletenfes muros et amœna fluenta
Advena cum tenera virgine vifet amans;
Supra marmoreum jungentes ora fepulcrum
Ex utriufque oculis lacrymam uterque bibent,
Clamantes facra moti pietate, "Sit horum,
"O precor! a noftra forte remotus amor."
Cum refonant pleni centum de vocibus hymni
Pompaque facrificos occupat alta choros, 370
Si quis adorantum mœrentes vertat ocellos
In lapidem fub quo corpora noftra jacent;

Devotion's felf fhall fteal a thought from heaven,
One human tear fhall drop, and be forgiven.
And fure if fate fome future bard fhall join
In fad fimilitude of griefs to mine, 360
Condemn'd whole years in abfence to deplore,
And image charms he muft behold no more;
Such if there be, who loves fo long, fo well;
Let him our fad, our tender ftory tell;
The well-fung woes will foothe my penfive ghoft;
He beft can paint them who can feel them moft.

Ignoſcenda quidem cœlo pia lacryma furtim
   In cineres gelidos officioſa cadet.
Quod ſi quis vates venturo tempore noſtris
   Sentiet ærumnas corde dolente pares;
Damnatus dominam abſentem plorare per annos
   Et non ſpectandum fingere mente decus,
O ſi talis erit tantos qui norit amores,
   Noſter amor fuerit quam miſer, ille canet. 380
Dulcia forte meos mulcebunt carmina manes;
   Hæc melius pinget, qui mala ſenſit amans.



CARMINA.

Carmina militibus tria, Flacci more modiſque,
Præſens ad bellum ſpectantia dedicat auctor.

Carmen I.

IDUS APRILES, 1854.

AB AGRO NORTHUMBRIENSI.

EHEU ! cruentas nunc iterum parat
Bellona cædes, et reſonans tuba
"Ad arma" ceſſantes "ad arma,"
Concitat ; innumeraſque gentes

Cæſar, quot altæ regna Siberiæ,
Mittuntque curvi littora Caſpii,
Ad Caucaſum, Euxinique portus
Cogit, Hyperboreoſque campos ;

Quouſque tendens ! milite jam nives
Hæmi nigreſcunt, jam Rhodope tonat 10
Armis, et inſtanti tumultu
Ripa fremit glacialis Iſtri.

Byzantium omni mole perhorruit,
Et Luna crefcens pallidior graves
  Senfit ruinas, ne fuperbum
    Defereret Mahomeda templum.

Ergo Britannus, qui Boream fimul
Notumque vincit, tergemini* potens
  Tridentis, Afrorumque fecum
    Gallus agens peditum cohortes 20

Junxere dextras; o precor ut bonum et
Felix fit omen! me gelidum nemus
  Dulcefque concentus volucrum, et
    Lene fluens per agros Alaunâ

Ducit vacantem, pendula qua falix
Umbram hofpitalem projicit, et levis
  Sufurrat in ripis arundo, et
    Vere novo violæ fruuntur.

Quod fi Lycoris, feu Glycera adforet
Ridente vultu lubrica, quam leves 30
  Horæ volarent, atque Soles,
    Quotquot eunt, melius niterent.

* Scilicet, Brit. Scot. Hib.

Carmen II.

IDUS JULIÆ, 1854.

AB EODEM.

NUNC, o Ruricolæ! dimidiam ferox
Æſtatem rapuit Sirius, et novas
Fruges dædala Tellus
Cum multo pecudum grege

Geſtans in gremio, rite feracia
Promittit Cereri munera liberæ.
Hic, hic, ruſtica Pubes
Adſis, atque avida manu

Meſſorum patiens turba vagantium
Maturæ ſegetis faſciculos premat 10
Spicas falce coercens.
Felices ter et amplius

Quod ſecurus adhuc quiſque, parum ſciens
Quid Rex Auſtriacus cogitet, aut Scythes;
Quid fervens agat hoſtis
Circum caſtra Siliſtriæ

Munita, aut gelidæ ad littora Thraciæ;
Vel qua torquet aquas vorticibus feris
Iſter, rex fluviorum,
Noſtro, heu! ſanguine turbidas: 20

Securus quid agant intrepidæ rates
Hybernis iterum pulſæ Aquilonibus,
Vel quæ naviget undas
Claſſis per freta Boſpori.

Mavors armipotens, agmine cum truci,
Jam currus, galeamque, et rabiem parat;
Pax exterrita linquens
Gentes, hæc fugit ad loca.

Eſto perpetua; o Diva favens, malam
Defendas patrio perniciem ſolo! 30
Sævas longius arcens
Belli ſollicitudines.

Carmen III.

ALEXANDRI PRIMI RUSSIARUM IMPERATORIS AD PRINCIPEM NICOLAI LEGATUM A BYZANTIO REDUCEM VATICINIUM.

UT claſſe vectus per freta barbari
Durus Tyranni nuntius ad ſuas
Gentes redibat, dum procella
Boſporicas agitavit undas,

Et Luna pallens incubuit mari;
Auguſta Imago apparuit, Imperî
Lauro coronata, atque dextra
Sceptra gerens Scythici Trionis.

Clamat, " Nefaſta ducis avi domum
Teque et ſodales, o nimium truci 10
Dignus magiſtro, nec furore
Nec minor inſidiis ſatelles!

" Quo tendis, amens! nonne vides uti
Byzantium omnes excubiis vias
Jam claufit, et vires tuorum
Aufpiciis pepulit fecundis!

" Quantus viris heu! quantus adeft equis
Sudor! per undas carbafa navium
Impulfa, Neptuno favente, et
Fœderibus fociata fanctis 20

" Portus, et oras Cimmerii maris
Urgent carinis! ecce Britannia
Ab otio experrecta, late
Velipotens agitat Tridentem:

" At cincta ferro ftans prope Gallia
Cives amicos, intrepidum genus,
Hortante non fegni tyranno, et
Sufcitat Algerias phalangas.

" Cientur hoftes undique; pigrior
Fortes obarmat patria Teutonum 30
Heroas, et linquunt coloni
Sardiniæ fegetes feracis.

"Te cerno ad Almæ flumina turbine
Martis peremptum, te profugum ducem
Ab hoſtium ira, dum ruinas
Arma Sebaſtopoli minantur.

"Vides, ut omni valle cadavera
Paſcant volucres; circum ululant canes,
Rapacium ac turbæ luporum
Oſſa virum effodiunt ſepulcris, 40

"Campoſque et urbem caſtraque diſſono
Clamore terrent: atria concavi
Rumpuntur Inkermanni, et ictu
Quaſſa tremit Balaclava pugnæ.

"Vides, ut agmen quadrupedantium
Non ante noto pellitur impetu!
Nec fulmen armorum, nec inſtans
Fræna valet retinere fatum.

"Supervenit mox mors inopina, mors
Ipſius eheu! Cæſaris; o dies 50
Ploranda noſtris, o ſuprema
Terribilis monimenta belli!

"Poſt hoc futuri temporis exitum
Caliginoſa nocte premit Deus;
Tu damna comples, tu repoſtam
Perniciem veniens in ævum."

RIVULUS.

THE BROOK.

(TENNYSON.)

WITH many a curve my banks I fret
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland ſet
With willow-weed and mallow.

I ſlip, I ſlide, I gleam, I glance,
Among my ſkimming ſwallows;
I mark the netted ſunbeams dance
Againſt my ſandy ſhallows.

RIVULUS.

FREQUENTIORI murmure
Meatibus recurvis
It unda noſtra curſitans
Per arva perque valles,
Ripaſque mordet inſitas
Arundine atque malva:
Niteſco, labor, emico
Sub antra opaca muſco
Hirundinum cubilia,
Et hinc et inde Phœbi 10
Jubar refractum miror in-
ter humidas arenas.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river, 10
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a bloſſom ſailing,
And here and there a luſty trout,
And here and there a grayling,

And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me, as I travel
With many a ſilvery waterbreak
Above the golden gravel, 20

Et garriens et murmurans
  In obſtrepente rivo,
Meos liquores urgeo
  Ad flumen æſtuoſum,
Nam naſcitur mortalium
  Peritque gens viciſſim;
Sed unda noſtra profluit
  Non deſinente curſu. 20
In ambitu volubili
  Circumfluens rotanſque
Anguſtiis detorqueor
  Cum flore naviganti,
Quas trutta fulgens aut amat
  Odorifer thymallus.
Et inde fractus dum vagor
  Cadat nivalis imber
In vortices argenteos,
  In aureos lapillos; 30

And draw them all along, and flow
    To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
    But I go on for ever.

I ſteal by lawns and graſſy plots,
    I ſlide by hazel covers;
I move the ſweet forget-me-nots
    That grow for happy lovers.

I murmur under moon and ſtars
    In brambly wilderneſſes; 30
I linger by my ſhingly bars;
    I loiter round my creſſes;

Hæc cuncta ducens auferor
  Ad flumen æstuosum,
Nam nascitur mortalium
  Peritque gens vicissim ;
Sed unda nostra profluit
  Non desinente cursu.
Humente jam sub cespite
  Per arboreta labor,
" Meique memores," flosculos
  Udos rigante lympha, 40
Amantium dulcedines
  Amoribus repono.
In luce mitis Cynthiæ
  Dumeta per rubosque,
Sub astra dulci murmure
  Moratus usque cesso
Inter tenaces calculos
  Nasturtiumque aquarum.

And out again I curve and flow
  To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
  But I go on for ever.

Tum plurimo curvamine
  Sinuque flexuoſo   50
Egreſſus inde provehor
  Ad flumen æſtuoſum,
Nam naſcitur mortalium
  Peritque gens viciſſim ;
Sed unda noſtra profluit
  Perennibus fluentis.

January 1, 1860.

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

A CHIEFTAIN, to the Highlands bound,
Cries, " Boatman, do not tarry!
And I'll give thee a ſilver pound
To row us o'er the ferry."

" Now who be ye, would croſs Lochgyle,
This dark and ſtormy water?"
" O, I'm the chief of Ulva's iſle,
And this, Lord Ullin's daughter.

" And faſt before her father's men
Three days we've fled together, 10
For ſhould he find us in the glen
My blood would ſtain the heather.

" His horſemen hard behind us ride;
Should they our ſteps diſcover,
Then who will cheer my bonny bride
When they have ſlain her lover?"

REGIS ULLINI FILIA.

DUX in Alpinas rediturus arces,
"En tibi," clamat, "pretium parati
Pondus argenti, modo me per undas
Navita portes."

"Quis procelloſas vagus inter umbras
Audeat tali dare vela nimbo?"
"Dux ego Scotus borealis Ulvæ, et
Filia mecum

"Regis Ullini trepidans paternos
Triduum ſervos fugit, at ſub iſta 10
Rupe deprenſi meus irrigaret
Ocyus herbam

"Sanguis—inſtantes equites ſequuntur—
Me trucidarint gladio, quis alter
Dulce ſolamen poterit relictæ
Ferre maritæ!"

Out ſpoke the hardy Highland wight,
  "I'll go, my chief—I'm ready:
It is not for your ſilver bright,
  But for your winſome lady. 20

"And by my word, the bonny bird
  In danger ſhall not tarry!
So though the waves are raging white,
  I'll row you o'er the ferry."

By this the ſtorm grew loud apace,
  The water-wraith was ſhrieking;
And in the ſcowl of heaven each face
  Grew dark as they were ſpeaking.

But ſtill as wilder blew the wind,
  And as the night grew dreare, 30
Adown the glen rode armed men,
  Their trampling ſounded nearer.

"O haſte thee, haſte!" the lady cries,
  "Though tempeſts round us gather;
I'll meet the raging of the ſkies,
  But not an angry father."

Portitor durus ſimul elocutus:
"Ibimus, Princeps! mihi cor paratum,
Me movet pulchræ facies puellæ,
Non nitor auri. 20

"Per Deos juro ſpecioſa virgo
Imminens tuto fugiet periclum;
Ingruant Euri, tamen inter undas
Cymba feretur."

Interim nimbus reſonare dirum
Cœpit, ex undis ululare Larvæ,
Nubium et caliginibus nigreſcunt
Ora loquentum.

Dumque nocturnæ ingeminant tenebræ
Et fremit vento graviore cœlum, 30
Advenit greſſu crepitante turba
Telaque fulgent.

"Nauta, te quæſo propera," puella
Increpat, "quamvis glomerentur imbres
Me minus terrent freta grandineſque
Quam patris ira!"

The boat has left a ſtormy land,
A ſtormy ſea before her ;
When, oh ! too ſtrong for human hand,
The tempeſt gather'd o'er her. 40

And ſtill they row'd amidſt the roar
Of waters faſt prevailing :
Lord Ullin reach'd that fatal ſhore,
His wrath was changed to wailing.

For ſore diſmay'd, through ſtorm and ſhade,
His child he did diſcover :
One lovely hand ſhe ſtretch'd for aid,
And one was round her lover.

" Come back ! come back !" he cried, in grief,
" Acroſs this ſtormy water ; 50
And I'll forgive your Highland chief,
My daughter ! Oh my daughter !"

'Twas vain :—the loud waves laſh'd the ſhore,
Return or aid preventing.
The waters wild went o'er his child,
And he was left lamenting.

Nunc procellofa fugiens ab ora
In procellofum mare cymba fertur;
Sævit humanam fuperantis artem
Turbinis horror. 40

Fortibus remos agitant lacertis
Impares, quamvis validos, labori;
Jam premit ripam pater, in dolorem
Verfus ab ira.

Namque per fluctus procul et per imbres
Filiam cernit; manus innocentis
Hæc opem pofcit, latus illa fidi
Cingit amantis.

"Oh redi!" luctu cruciatus orat,
"Inter infanæ rabiem procellæ; 50
Sic proco ignofcam reduci; revertas
Tu modo patri."

Vana vox, eheu! violenter unda
Marginem fpuma ferit, obruitque,
Non fine afflicti gemitu parentis,
Gurgite prolem.

" WHERE SHALL THE LOVER REST."

(SCOTT.)

WHERE ſhall the lover reſt,
Whom the Fates ſever
From his true maiden's breaſt,
Parted for ever?
Where, through groves deep and high
Sounds the far billow,
Where early violets die,
Under the willow,
Soft ſhall be his pillow.

There, through the ſummer day, 10
Cool ſtreams are laving;
There while the tempeſts ſway,
Scarce are boughs waving;
There thy reſt ſhalt thou take,
Parted for ever,
Never again to wake,
Never, O never.

"UBI REQUIESCAT AMANS."

FIDUS ubi requieſcat amans, a virgine raptus
Quem procul amotum Parca maligna tenet?
Qua fluctus reſonant nemora inter opaca, novæque
Sub ſalicum truncis depereunt violæ.
Temperat æſtivos hic frigida lympha calores,
Nec movet arboreas turbinis ira comas;
Hic juvet æterno luctus componere ſomno,
Hic feſſa in molli condere membra toro.

Where ſhall the traitor reſt,
He, the deceiver,
Who could win maiden's breaſt, 20
Ruin, and leave her?
In the loſt battle,
Borne down by the flying,
Where mingles war's rattle
With groans of the dying,
There ſhall he be lying.

Her wing ſhall the eagle flap
O'er the falſe hearted;
His warm blood the wolf ſhall lap,
Ere life be parted. 30
Shame and diſhonour ſit
By his grave ever;
Bleſſing ſhall hallow it,—
Never, O never.

Quærat ubi requiem cafti temerator amoris,

Quem lacrymæ incufant virgineufque pudor ; 10

Qui poterat fidæ formam ftuprare puellæ,

Qui poterat prædam deferuiffe fuam ?

Obrutus ille fuga multaque in cæde fuorum

Occidet in gelida, fanguine fœdus, humo.

Perjurum feriat vultur plangentibus alis,

Et fpirantis adhuc differat exta lupus :

Qua jacet in vili fedeat mala fama fepulcro,

Nec facer exequias fanctificabit honos.

ELLEN'S SONG.

(SCOTT.)

SOLDIER, reft! thy warfare o'er,
Sleep the fleep that knows not breaking;
Dream of battled fields no more,
Days of danger, nights of waking.
In our ifle's enchanted hall,
Hands unfeen thy couch are ftrewing,
Fairy ftrains of mufic fall,
Every fenfe in flumber dewing.
Soldier, reft! thy warfare o'er,
Dream of fighting fields no more; 10
Sleep the fleep that knows not breaking,
Morn of toil, nor night of waking.

No rude found fhall reach thine ear,
Armour's clang, or war-fteed champing,
Trump nor pibroch fummon here
Muftering clan, or fquadron tramping.

ELENÆ CANTILENA.

MILES, præteriti juvet hic certamina belli
Ponere, et inſolita, laſſe, quiete frui;
Martia nec tacitum turbent inſomnia lectum,
Nox acta excubiis, militiaque dies.
Hoſpita qua tutum modo præbuit inſula portum,
Non tibi viſa manus ſternit amica torum.
Nec deerunt placido ſenſus ſolventia ſomno
Carmina, nec magicæ vox modulata lyræ.
Quid vetat, o miles, certamina ponere belli,
Quid vetat, inſolita, feſſe, quiete frui? 10
Triſtia nec tacitum turbent inſomnia lectum,
Nox acta excubiis, militiaque dies.

Torqueat hic nullis tibi Mars clangoribus aures
Ungula nec trepidans frena agitantis equi:
Nec tuba det raucos ſonitus, lituive laceſſant
Flatibus hoſtiles in fera bella viros.

Yet the lark's ſhrill fife may come
  At the day-break from the fallow,
And the bittern ſound his drum,
  Booming from the ſedgy ſhallow. 20
Ruder ſounds ſhall none be near,
Guards nor warders challenge here,
Here's no war-ſteed's neigh and champing,
Shouting clans or ſquadrons ſtamping.

Huntſman, reſt ! thy chaſe is done,
  With our ſlumbrous ſpells aſſail ye,
Dream not, with the riſing ſun,
  Bugles here ſhall ſound reveillie.
Sleep ! the deer is in his den ;
  Sleep ! thy hounds are by thee lying ; 30
Sleep ! nor dream in yonder glen,
  How thy gallant ſteed lay dying.
Huntſman, reſt ! thy chaſe is done,
Think not of the riſing ſun,
For at dawning to aſſail ye,
Here no bugles ſound reveillie.

Tibia ſed vigiles campeſtris nuntiet horas
  Ut matutinam linquit alauda domum,
Sive gemens inter juncos ſalicumque latebras
  Ardea lugubres fundat ab ore ſonos. 20
Sed graviora abſunt caſtrorum murmura, nullæ
  Hos inter lucos inſonuere tubæ ;
Armorum clangor non hoc auditur aſylo,
  Hinnituſve acres quadrupedantis equi.

Venator, requieſce ! modum jam pone labori,
  Otia ſint noſtris ſollicitata modis ;
Nec timor, Eoas Phœbo pellente tenebras,
  Ne ſomnum excutiant cornua rauca tuum.
Dormi ! frondoſo cervus ſeſe abdidit antro ;
  Dormi ! ſub pedibus procubuere canes ; 30
Dormi ! nec vana exagitent ſimulacra ſoporem
  Heſterni curſus, aut morientis equi.
Venator, requieſce ! tuorum oblite laborum,
  Deſere nec placidum, ſole oriente, torum ;
Buccina nec tenebras moneat male clara fugatas,
  Urgeat aut laſſos ſaxa per alta canes.

THE MINSTREL'S LAMENT.

AND art thou cold, and lowly laid,
Thy foeman's dread, thy people's aid,
Breadalbane's boaſt, Clan-Alpine's ſhade!
For thee ſhall none a requiem ſay?
—For thee,—who loved the minſtrel's lay,
For thee, of Bothwell's houſe the ſtay,
The ſhelter of her exiled line,
E'en in this priſon-houſe of thine,
I'll wail for Alpine's honour'd pine!

What groans ſhall yonder valleys fill! 10
What ſhrieks of grief ſhall rend yon hill!
What tears of burning rage ſhall thrill,
When mourns thy tribe thy battles done,
Thy fall before the race was won,
Thy ſword ungirt ere ſet of ſun!

VATIS QUERELA.

O DECUS gentis, columen tuorum,
Hoſtium terror, gelido jaceſne
Mortis amplexu, velut icta cœli
Fulmine pinus ?

Neniam et vates tibi nullus edet,
Ipſe qui vatis numeros amabas ?
Regiæ tutela domus, ab omni
Tuta procella.

Exſuli ſanctum hoſpitium dediſti,
Nec tibi deerunt lacrymæ fideles, 10
Nec ſub obſcuras ego te ſilebo
Carceris umbras.

Fletibus quantis lacus intumeſcet,
Quantus a ripa gemitus reducta
Surget, et quantum ingeminabit echo
Monte fragorem !

Luget invictam genus omne dextram
Et pedem curſu celeremque pugna,
Luget exſtinctos, duce te perempto,
Stirpis honores. 20

There breathes not clanſman of thy line,
But would have given his life for thine.—
O woe for Alpine's honour'd pine!

Sad was thy lot on mortal ſtage!—
The captive thruſh may brook the cage, 20
The priſon'd eagle dies for rage.
Brave ſpirit, do not ſcorn my ſtrain!
And, when its notes awake again,
Even ſhe, ſo long beloved in vain,
Shall with my harp her voice combine,
And mix her woe and tears with mine,
To wail Clan-Alpine's honour'd pine.



Nec tui quiſquam generis ſuperſtat
Sanguinem qui non tibi prælianti
Et ſuum pectus clypeum periclo
Sponte dediſſet.

Triſtis in terra tua ſors; palumbes
Carceris clauſtrum tolerare diſcat;
Rumpit indignans aquila indecoras
Morte catenas.

Spiritus, noſtros animoſe cantus
Accipe, et planctum dabit ipſa virgo 30
Flebilem, dilecta nimis, ſuprema
Dona ſepulcro.

Pinus Alpina, heu! cecidit; dolete
Nobilis trunci, comites, ruinam,
Et ducis magni memores in urnam
Fundite queſtus.

THE TWA CORBIES.

(OLD BALLAD.)

AS I was walking all alane
I heard twa' Corbies makin' a mane,
The t'ane unto the t'ither ſay,
" Where ſhall we gang and dine to-day ?

" In behint yon auld fail dyke
There lies, I wot, a new ſlain knight ;
And nae body kens that he lies there,
But his hawk, and his hound, and his lady fair.

" His hound is to the hunting gane,
His hawk to fetch the wild fowl hame, 10
His lady has ta'en anither mate
So we may make our dinner ſweet.

DUO CORVI.

SOLUS ut errabam loca per deſerta, querelam
Audivi corvos hanc iterare duos ;
Alter et affatur ſocium : " Dic, nos hodiernum
Quo pacto libeat quærere, et unde, cibum.

" Sternitur en prope vicinæ ſub margine foſſæ
Perfuſus multo ſanguine cæſus eques.
Sed quod ibi infelix periit, niſi perfida conjux,
Et canis, et falco, nullus in orbe notat.

" Per ſylvas canis inſequitur veſtigia cervi,
Accipiter pavidas aëre turbat aves, 10
Falſa puella novos ſibi jam quæſivit amores,
Nil vetat ad poſitas nos ſimul ire dapes.

" Ye'll ſit on his white hauſe bane,
An' I'll pike out his bonny blue e'en !
Wi 'ae lock o' his gowden hair
We'll theek our neſt when it grows bare.

" Mony a one for him makes mane,
But none ſhall ken where he is gane ;
O'er his white banes when they are bare
The wind ſhall blaw for evermair." 20

"Tu laterum carnes pedibus ſpoliabis aduncis,
  Ipſe oculos roſtro cæruleos fodiam.
Protinus abrepto rutilanti crine tegamus
  Nudatam foliis, ſi ſinit hora, domum.

"Multorum qui mœſta trahunt ſuſpiria, nemo
  Noſcat ubi extremam carpſerit ille viam;
Imbriferi ſuper oſſa gelu canentia cœli
  Stridet in æternum mobilis aura diem." 20

VERSES BY AN OLD POET.

GO where the water glideth gently ever,
Glideth through meadows that ſtill greeneſt be;
Go liſten to our own belovèd river,
And think on me.

Wander through foreſts where the ſmall flower layeth
Its fairy gem beneath ſome giant tree;
Liſt to the dim brook pining as it playeth,
And think on me.

And when the ſky is ſilver pale at even,
And the wind moaneth through the lonely tree, 10
Go out beneath the ſolitary heaven,
And think on me.

And when the moon riſeth as ſhe were dreaming,
And treadeth with white feet the lulled ſea,
Go, ſilent as the ſtar beneath her beaming,
And think on me.

VATIS ANTIQUI VERSUS.

HIC ubi lene fluens te præterlabitur amnis,
Et valle irrigua ſuavior herba viret,
Arripiens placidum murmur prope flumen amatum
Sis memor, o conjux, ſis memor uſque mei.

Quære tenebroſos ſaltus ubi floſculus albas
Sub platano gemmas explicuiſſe ſolet;
Quaque reluctantes inter-ſtrepit unda lapillos,
Sis memor, o conjux, ſis memor uſque mei.

Pallet ubi gelidum ſero ſub veſpere cœlum,
Atque per arboreas ſibilat aura comas, 10
Me ſine carpe viam, nocturnas inter et umbras
Sis memor, o conjux, ſis memor uſque mei.

Ac, ſimul exoriens quaſi ſomno Luna quietas
Oceani niveo ſub pede calcat aquas,
I tacite, fulgens tacito velut æthere ſidus,
Tunc juvet, o conjux, te meminiſſe mei.

IN STATUAM AMAZONIS EX EQUO CUM LEONE PUGNANTIS.

Ὥς τ' Ἀμαζονίδων ἵππον τις εὔτριχ' ἐλαύνῃ
κούρη Καππαδόκων ποταμὸν παρὰ Θερμώδοντα·
αὐτὰρ ὁ γηθόσυνος μέγ' ἀγάλλεται ἦφι βίηφι·
ἐξαπίνης δὲ λέων ἐφάνη δρυμοῖσι παρ' ὄχθαις
ὠμοφάγος, σίντης, κραδίη δέ οἱ ἐντὸς ἀγαυὴ
ὀτρύνει σθένεός τε καὶ ἀλκῆς πειρηθῆναι·
δὴ τότ' ἀνωϊστὶ βαθέης ἐξάλμενος ὕλης
ἵππῳ ἐπήϊξεν φονίοισιν ὀδοῦσι κατ' ὦμον,
γαμφηλῇσι δ' ἀπρὶξ ἔχεται, πεφοβημένος οὐδέν,
πλευρὰς χηλαῖσιν δαρδάπτων αἱματοέσσαις· 10
αὐτὰρ ὁ μὲν στρεφθέντι καρήατι λύγρ' ἀσθμαίνων
ὑψόσ' ἀναθρώσκει, δεινὸν δέ οἱ ὄσσε τρέμουσιν,
πεπταμένας δὲ βρέμει φλογόεσσ' ἀνὰ ῥῖνας ἀϋτμή·

IDEM LATINE REDDITUM.

TALIS Amazonidum proles equitare ſolebat
Filia Cappadocum gelidum prope Thermodonta,
Talis equus frendens ſub pondere virginis ibat.
Ecce repente Leo dumoſo in margine ripæ
Cæde recente furens, magna cum voce petitam
Irruit in prædam, malas horrendus et ungues;
Ille tenebroſæ temere ex caligine ſylvæ
Proſiliens, avide cervicem mordet equinam
Dilacerans humeros pedibuſque ac dente cruento
Nil metuens, ſævaque infeſtat vulnere coſtas. 10
Tollit ſe arrectum ſonipes et calcibus auras
Verberat, atque gemens luctanti vertice fruſtra
Vult tentare fugam, quatit æger anhelitus artus,
Naribus et patulis toto vomit ore vaporem.
Lumina flammeſcunt atro ſuffuſa cruore

IN STATUAM AMAZONIS.

ἄλγεα δ' ἐκλάμπει κρυερώτατα παντὶ προσώπῳ·
ἔνθ' ἄφοβός περ ἐοῦσά γ' Ἀμάζων θηρὸς ὑφ' ὁρμῇ
τυτθὸν μὲν πρῶτον πελεμίζεται· ἐξοπίσω δὲ
χαζομένη νώτοισιν ὅμως μένει ἔμπεδον ἵππου·
πᾶν δέ τ' ἐπισκύνιον συνάγει, βλοσυρῷ δὲ μετώπῳ
μαίνεται, ὀφθαλμοὶ δ' ἄφατον σέλας ἀστράπτουσιν·
τῆς δὲ τρίχες σείονται ὑπαὶ ῥιπῆς ἀνέμοιο· 20
χειρὶ δὲ δεξιτερῇ δόρυ μείλινον ἀμπεπαλοῦσα
βριθὺ δι' ἐγκεφάλου κρατεροῖο λέοντος ἐρείδει.

W. G. C.



Membraque terribili cruciata dolore tremiſcunt.
At virgo imprimis aliquantum mota ferino
Impete, ſe librans dorſoque innixa tenacem
Firma premit ſedem, laxaſque retractat habenas.
Jamque ſupercilio ſtricto vultuque minaci 20
Torva tuens magnos accendit corde furores;
Igne micant oculi, turgeſcunt ſanguine venæ,
Flaventeſque comæ fluitant ſubeuntibus Auſtris:
Fraxineamque haſtam dextra jaculata, Leonis
Os cerebrumque feri rapido tranſverberat ictu.

HOHENLINDEN.

ON Linden, when the ſun was low,
All bloodleſs lay th' untrodden ſnow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iſer, rolling rapidly:

But Linden ſaw another ſight,
When the drum beat, at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkneſs of her ſcenery.

By torch and trumpet faſt array'd,
Each horſeman drew his battle-blade, 10
And furious every charger neigh'd,
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then ſhook the hills with thunder riven,
Then ruſh'd the ſteed to battle driven,
And louder than the bolts of heaven,
Far flaſh'd the red artillery.

HOHENLINDEN.

NIGRANTE bruma præcipites Iſer
Volvebat undas occiduo die,
Et alta nix agros tegebat
Nec pedibus neque cæde preſſos.

Sed triſtiorem vidit imaginem
Hic Lindenenſis campus, ut ignibus
Nocturna caligo refulſit,
Tympanaque inſonuere bellum.

Sub luce tædæ ad murmura cornuum
Stringuntur enſes, impatiens fero 10
Hinnitu in obſtantes catervas
Geſtit equus properare curſum :

Fragore diro quaſſa tremunt juga,
Frænis ſolutis it ſonipes furens,
Flammæque letales coruſcant
Fulmineis ſimiles ſagittis.

But redder yet that light ſhall glow
On Linden's hills of ſtained ſnow,
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
  Of Iſer rolling rapidly. 20

'Tis morn, but ſcarce yon level ſun
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
Where furious Frank, and fiery Hun,
  Shout in their ſulph'rous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who ruſh to glory, or the grave!
Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave,
  And charge with all thy chivalry!

Few, few, ſhall part where many meet!
The ſnow ſhall be their winding ſheet, 30
And every turf beneath their feet
  Shall be a ſoldier's ſepulchre.

At lux micabit Lindenis in nives
Fœdas recenti cæde rubentior,
Et vortices rurſus cruentos
Volvet Iſer rapido meatu. 20

Aurora ſurgit: Sol rediens tamen
Vix atra belli nubila dividat,
Qua Francus, ardentes et Hunni
Sulfureo fremuere velo.

Pugnæ tumultus ſævior ingruit;
Vos gloriam qui quæritis, aut necem,
Vos ite! tu vexilla pandens
Duc equites, animoſe Montî.

De tot coactis Marte ſuperſtites
Pauci redibunt; tegmen erunt nives: 30
Et militi ceſpes ſepulcrum
Quiſque ſuum dabit interempto.

EPIGRAMMATA.

EPIGRAMMATA, Etc.

In Sepulcro

Principis Optimi Illustrissimi

ALBERTI,

Regii Consortis.

FRACTA Columna meam posui tellure coronam ;
Fracta licet, reliqua sidera parte peto.

In Memoriam

JUVENIS EGREGII

R. G.

ANNO ÆTATIS OCTODECIMO

PRÆMATURA MORTE

ABREPTI.

QUEM modo jam tenerum juvenem fovere Parentes,
 Invida ſors belli ſuſtulit ante diem.
Heu, dilecte Puer! tibi nil interrita virtus,
 Gloria nil, noſtræ nil valuere preces.
Pectoribus noſtris tua cara ſuperſtes imago
 Conditur, at cineres ante Sebaſtopolim.

FONTIS INSCRIPTIO.

HIC ubi Sol radios jaculatur ab orbe coruſco
 Fulget in effuſa diſcolor Iris aqua.
Sidereum quoties noctu petit Heſperus axem
 Undarum placido murmure Somnus adeſt.

IN EUNDEM.

ADVENA quifquis eris faveat tibi Numen aquarum,
Purior et niveo marmore lympha fluat.
Hi flores vigeant, faliatque volubilis unda
Sole nec ardenti, nec variata gelu.

"DING DOUN TANTALLON."
"MAK' A BRIG TO THE BASS."

PROVERBIUM SCOTICUM, REM SIGNIFICANS QUÆ NULLO MODO FIERI POTEST.

BASSA Caledonii dominatrix Infula ponti
Ne quid inauditum te petat ufque cave.
Callida nequicquam cecinere oracula vates;
Fallere præmonitos Fata futura folent.
Cerne ruinofum Tantallona; jam fuper undas
Mona duos pontes fe petiiffe videt.
Ergo Baffa tremas, ne tempore victa futuro
Sis ipfa infolitum ferre coacta jugum.

CHISWICK PRESS:—PRINTED BY WHITTINGHAM AND WILKINS,
TOOKS COURT, CHANCERY LANE.